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 I vainly thought to be so vain a Thing.  
 That I, to gratify his lustful Pleasure,  
 To his Embraces gave my Virgin Treasure.



O pity me, for ever sad my Case is,  
 Who to obtain a lustful King's embraces,  
 I lost my self, my Friends: my Husband



*The Unfortunate Concubines.*

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
Fair ROSAMOND,  
Mistress to Henry II.  
AND  
JANE SHORE,  
Concubine to Edward IV.  
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Shewing how they came to be so.  
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T H E  
P R E F A C E.

**W**E have a Proverb in England, That many speak of Robin-Hood, that never shot his Bow; The meaning whereof is, That it is common for Persons to have those Men and Women often in their Mouths of whom they know but very little: And this, I doubt not is as true of those two unfortunate Persons, who are the subject of the ensuing History, as of any other whomsoever. They have in general a Notion of 'em, that they were the Concubines of two famous Kings of England: but what was there Original, and by what Artifices they came to be brought into the Royal Arms of the

A 3 respective

## ii The PREFACE.

*respective are altogether Strangers to the History of. And therefore a full Account thereof cannot but be the more acceptable.*

*But there is another Reason that makes this History more necessary: Which is, That it is yet recent in the Memories of most, that we have had Royal Misses, have liv'd in that Pomp and Splendor, (being made Peeresses of the Realm, and holding the first Rank among the Nobility) as if their Honours had legitimated their Crimes: And, that Adultery and Whoredom were no Sins, because 'twas with their Prince that they committed it: 'Twas true indeed, the late Illustrious and Vertuous Queen Katherine was of a milder Temper than Queen Eleanor; and was not so much disturb'd at the Variety of Misses that were kept under the Nose by King Charles, as the furious Queen Eleanor was with the Fair, (but Unfortunate) Rosamond, tho' her Extraction was more Noble, and her Beauty far transcending that of our late Misses; And tho' the Royal Misses were a vast Expence*  
in



# The PREFACE. iii

*th* in the late Reign, yet there was none that  
*unt* fell foul upon them, after the Death of  
*ep-* those Princes; though I have not heard  
 that any of them did so much Good, in  
 the time of their Favour with those Prin-  
*kes* ces, as Jane Shore did in that of hers  
*is,* with King Edward the Fourth, unless it  
*ies* was Madam Gwin; who (how mean so-  
*es,* ever her Extraction was) bore her Ex-  
*or,* altation with less Pride, and did more  
*nd* Good in her Station, than any of the rest;  
*hi-* being exceeding Charitable to them that  
*ed* were in Want, and often refreshing the  
*ia* Prisoners with her Bounty, and for  
*is* that Reason was more acceptable to the  
*d* People, than all the other Court-Mistres-  
*s* ses, however dignify'd and distinguished  
*a* with their high-flown Titles.

Perhaps the Splendor of her Living  
 and the Port they still bear in the World,  
 may make others, as well as themselves,  
 think they were guilty of no Crime; but  
 them that shall read the following History,  
 will find that every Miss, how rich or  
 Poor soever they be, yet if she lives in  
 Adultery and Whoredom, is as much, if  
 not,

iv      The PREFACE.

*not more guilty, than Rosamond and Jane Shore : For of either of these it may may be said, they sought not the Royal Favour ; but endeavoured to avoid it as much as possible ; and were both of them betrayed by those whom they trusted : King Henry being brought into Rosamond's bed by her Governess Alethea, both without her Knowledge, and even while she was asleep : and as for Jane Shore, none could be more cautious and reserved than she ; blaming her Husband's soft and easie Temper, in boasting of her Beauty, and exposing her to the View of Strangers, and by that means bringing her first into the Presence of the King ; altho' it must be owned he did not know him to be so. And after in the whole Transaction, the false and treacherous Mrs. Blague was more to blame than she.*

*Not that I hereby go about to excuse either of them as free from blame: For Rosamond was willing to taste the Pleasures of the Court, and yet perhaps believed she could have kept herself from the Pollutions of it. But she before-hand knew the King had a great Kindness for  
her*

# The PREFACE. v

her ; and had the fatal Consequence of it too plainly laid before her by her Parents, to make the least Defence for what she did by pleading Ignorance. And as to Mrs. Shore, tho' I believe she never did at first design to go so far as she did afterwards, yet when the King in Disguise met her at Mrs. Blague's, and there purposed to her unlawful Love 'twas a fair Item to her to go there no more : She indeed blamed him for proposing it ; but that was not enough she should have forborn going there again, and staid with her own Husband, and then she had done well. If we would be Innocent, we must not only avoid doing Evil, but all the Ways that lead to it.

Let me therefore commend this History to the serious Perusal of all that would avoid the Occasions of Sin ; for here, they shall see, Lust is a Pleasure bought with Pain, a Delight hatch'd with Disquite, a Content passed with Fear, and a Sin finished with Sorrow.

And if any are so Weak as to be taken with the gaudy Trappings of Ryoalty, and glittering Poms of the Court, let'em read

on

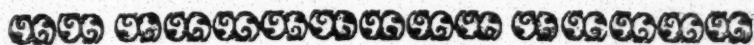
*on, and see the dreadful Catastrophe of this imaginary Greatness, and then let 'em make a Judgment thereof. They that imagine Rosamond happy in her Bower, let them behold her trembling with a Cup of Poison in her Hands, and in vain begging to be deliver'd from that dreadful Draught: And when she had drank it, let them behold the Triumphs of Death over Beauty: And see what Disorders it makes in Nature, how her late beautiful Face is disfigur'd, and the Roses on her Cheeks all dead and withering, her Eyes distorted, and her whole Body swelled up, and labouring under horrid Convulsions: And who would change Conditions with her now? And yet all this is but the Shell and Out-side, the least part of the Wages of Sin.*

*And this we ought to be most cautious of, because as the Channels which Rivers have long time maintain'd, are hardly restrain'd of their Course; so Lust, wherein we have been long plagu'd, is hardly purged.*



## The P R E F A C E.

*So whilst some think Jane Shore was happy in being belov'd of King Edward; and having such Crowds of Pentitioners attending her; yet such will soon Change their Minds, when they come to find her doing Penance through Cheapside, bare Foot and bare Legg'd, and afterwards gladly picking up the Refuse of the Dogs upon the Dunghill, and at last dying in a Ditch.*



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# THE History of Fair Rosamond.

## CHAP. I.

*Of the Parentage and Birth of King  
Henry the Second, and by what Means  
he came to the Crown, &c.*



**K**ING Henry the First of Eng-  
land, and youngest Son of Wil-  
liam the Conqueror, had several Chil-  
dren: to wit, Prince William his el-  
dest Son, and Richard his youngest  
B Son,

Son and *Maud* or *Matilda*, and *Mary* Countess of *Perch* : But by an unhappy Accident lost them all but *Maud* ; who being married to the Emperor *Henry* the Fifth of *Germany*, was very happily absent : The Matter was thus : The King having had Wars with the *French* King, and *Baldwin* Earl of *Flanders*, whom the *French* King had set on, ( for they were always a back Friend to *England* ) there was near the Town of *Nice* a great Battle fought between them, which continued for nine Hours ; in which, tho' King *Henry* got the Victory, yet was he so hard put to it, that he professed he fought not then for Victory, so much as for Life. To prevent therefore any more such bloody Battles, whilst he was Victorious, there were Overtures of Peace made him, which he hearkened to ; and so it was concluded : To strengthen which, there was a Marriage made between *William* the King's eldest Son, and the Daughter of the Duke of *Anjou* ; at the Solemnization whereof, there was very great and royal Feastings : But in their



Return for *England*, the King went first, and his Children in another Ship after him: But some of the Nobles that attended the Princes, staying a little behind the King, to take their Leaves, were very merry with their Friends, and by that Means the Mariners got such Plenty of Wine, that they were for the most part made very drunk; and coming away with full Sail, in Hopes to have over-taken the King, they run upon the Shallows where the Ship beating along by the Violence of the Wind and Waves, foundered'd; yet the Prince with his fair Bride, and many others, got into the Long boat, and put off: But to hear the dreadful Cries of those that were left in the Ship and were just a sinking, would have almost pierced a Heart of Stone, especially to consider how soon their Mirth was turned into the most lamentable Mourning: But amongst all their Cries, there was none made so deep an Impression upon the Prince, as those of *Mary*, the Countess of *Perth* his Sister, whom he dearly loved, who

crying out most piteously to him, to take her in his Boat, and not suffer her to perish in the Waters; he commanded the seamen to row back and take her in; which they attempting to do, as soon as they came near, many others who were as willing to save their lives as the Prince was his Sister's laying hold of the Boat, and neither Words nor Swords being able to make 'em let go, sunk the Boat, and so they all perished together; the Prince and his fair Lady making their Bride-bed in a watry Grave; with him perished also *Richard* his younger Brother, *Mary* the Countess of *Perch*, his sister *Lucia*, his Niece, and her husband, the Earl of *Chester*, with many other Persons of Quality; leaving behind them a sad Instance of the Mutability of Fortune, and the uncertainty of human Life. There were only three or four of the Seamen that swam to the Shore upon Planks, who were the sad Relaters of this Tragical Snip-wreck, which fill'd the Court with the deepest Mourning, and the whole Nation with an universal Heaviness.

The

The King's Children (all but *Matilda*, before named) being thus unhappily lost, and the Emperor her Husband dying without Children, she was again married to *Jeffery Plantagenet*, Earl of *Anjou* and Heir to *Fulk* Earl of *Anjou* in *France*; by whom she had Issue, three Sons, *viz.* *Henry*, *Jeffery*, and *William*. And now King *Henry* to make the Crown sure to his Daughter and her Children, swore the People of *England* three times to be true and faithful to his Daughter *Maud* and her Heirs, and with their Lives and Estates to oppose their Enemies, and settle the Crown in his Line after his Decease: But he dying and being buried in the Abby of *Reading*, which he had founded, *Stephen*, Earl of *Blois*, Son to *Adelo*, Daughter to *William* the Conqueror, ingratiating himself with the Nobles, and giving large gifts and immunities to those of the lower rank, got himself Crowned King; upon which bloody Wars ensued, till at last it was agreed, That King *Stephen* should have the Crown during his Life and then *Henry* should

succeed; and *Stephen* soon after dying of Grief for the untimely Death of his own Son; *Henry*, who was then victoriously warring in *France*, came over, and was attended by a great Number of the Nobility: and was three Times crowned, viz. by *Theobald*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, at *Westminster*, at *Lincoln*, and lastly, at *Worcester*; and soon after he married the Princess *Eleanor*, Daughter to the King of *Castile* and *Arrogon*, by whom he had four Sons, viz. *Henry*, *Richard*, *Jeffery*, and *John*. And in the beginning of his Reign he made many good Laws, conquer'd *Ireland*, and instituted an Assembly of his Peers, and other chief Men, in the Nature of a Parliament, to settle and manage the Affairs of the Kingdom: Warring often with the *French*, *Scotch*, and *Welch*, as also with his Sons, whom the *French* King stirred up to rebel against him in *Normandy*, and other his Territories beyond the Seas. But to pass over further Matters of State, I now come to speak of his Love to fair *Rosamond*, which is to be the chief Subject-matter of this Book.



## C H A P. II.

*How King Henry, though married to Queen Eleanor, bearing of the Beauty of Fair Rosamond, became enamour'd of her: How he took a Progress to her Father's House, where he was highly entertain'd; and of his first Courtship to the charming Lady, &c.*



**K**ing Henry the Second was a very amorous Man, though a great Warrior, and much given to take Delight in the Conversation of fair Ladies, with which his Court abounded, every

one being willing to humour the Inclination of their Prince: And he once taking occasion to commend with a more than ordinary Passion, the excellent Feature of a Lady to one of his Courtiers, whom he highly esteem'd for his Valour, he very freely gave him his Opinion of the Lady in this manner: Your Majesty has indeed Judgment in beauty; the Lady you mention is fair and charming, I must confesse: But for a King so highly to extol her, I see no such Perfections in her, that deserves such Praise from so Noble a King: But if with humble Submission I may speak, I could tell your Majesty, I've a Niece, tho' but young, who, in my small Judgment of Beauty, as far surpasses this Lady, as she excels the meanest beauty of your Court; her Eyes sparkle like two Twin-stars, with such piercing Rays that dazel those that venture to gaze on 'em; her Forehead is like a Heaven of Chrystal above 'em; and her Eye-brows shine like Jet, and are arched like the Rainbow; a Spring of Roses and lillies are in her Cheeks, so mixed, that kind Nature never

ver beforemade so fair a Mixture of the purest White and Red; her Nose a little rising exceeds that which *Apelles* painted *Venus* with, as the cheifest Ornament of her Beauty; her Lips exceed the Coral whenever so finely polished, soft as the Crimson Velvet, hiding two Rows of Orient Pearl; her Chin, which with a little Dimple adds Beauty to the rest, and makes her Face a perfect oval; her rising Breasts are like two Hills of Snow, and her pretty hands excel in Whiteness the Alabaſtar, and so spread and branched with various Veins of Azure, that the Motion of the Blood in'em may be seen thro' the soft transparent Skin: To be brief, she is the Master-piece of Nature, who when she made her, cry'd, *A lucky Hit*, and threw away the Mould, that none so lovely, fair and charming might come after, to daze the Eyes of Men, and wound their Hearts. The King hearing this Relation, could not but smile with Joy, and demanded of him in what Corner of the Kingdom so great a Beauty could be hid; and if he might not see her to be satisfied whether the De-

scription he had given, would agree to the Person; or whether his Affection didn't wrong his Judgment? To this the Courtier, who perceived he had gone too far, and that the King began to be enamoured on the bare Report, would fain have drawn in his Words again; but it was now too late, nor did he know how to excuse what he had said: However here ply'd, He indeed had made this Relation only to set out a perfect Beauty to the Life; begging his Pardon and Excuse: But the King perceiving by the Coldness of his Reply, there was more than ordinary in it, grew angry, and told him he trifled with him, and charged him on his Allegiance to tell him the Truth: when fearing the King's Displeasure, the Courtier plainly said, There is such a Lady, Daughter to *Walter Lord Clifford*, and of my Sister, his Lady, living at *Godstow* in *Oxfordshire*, of whom many worthy Persons have been enamour'd, and sought her in Marriage; but have been refused, because her tender Heart is yet incapable of Love; and this I as-

firm



to firm is the Truth, on the Forfeiture of  
on my Head: As for the Name of this fair  
his Creature, it is *Rosamond*; and indeed  
had she is rightly nam'd, for she is, if I have  
gan Skill in Beauty, the peerless Rose of the  
rt, World. While they were thus discour-  
rds sing, Queen *Eleanor* came to visit the  
nor King, which broke off any further  
he Talk about her; nor needed the King  
in- any more, for his heart was possess'd with  
set a Desire to see her, that he could hardly  
eg- sleep a Nights for thinking of her.

the It was not long e're the King resolv'd  
his to invite himself to her Father's House;  
in and to that end took a Progress into Ox-  
led *fordshire*, attended only with some trusty  
Al- Courtiers, and was highly welcom'd by  
en the Lord *Clifford* and his Lady, who  
the fearing what his Design was, ordered  
a their Danghter not to appear iu his Pre-  
rd, sence: But the King ordering one of his  
at Attendants to enquire of the Servants  
ny to know if she was at home; and find-  
'd, ing she was, demanded to see her, vow-  
ve ing he would not dine till he had. So  
art that all their Excuses of Illness, and the  
af- like availed nothing; then she was

ordered to put on her best Apparell and came down, that she might pay her Duto to the King: which she did in the most courtly Manner, her Blushes, if possible, adding to her Beauty: So that at the first Sight she appear'd in his Eyes like an Angel, whereupon he eagerly saluted her; and Dinner being placed on the Table, he commanded she should sit down, causing her to be placed directly over against him, on whose pretty Eyes he so long gazed, that he forgot oftentimes to eat, taking in a long Draught of Love, which in the End, proved the Ruin of Fair *Rosamond*, by the Jealousy of his furious Queen, as in the Sequel of this History will appear.

C H A P.

## C H A P. III.

*How King Henry won the Love of Fair Rosamond by rich Presents, and bribed her Governess to favour his Designs: How he went to France to subdue his Foes; the Letters that passed between him and his Mistress, with other Matters.*



**T**HE King having been highly entertained by the Lord Clifford, Father to fair Rosamond for three Days together, he had several Opportunities to discourse in private with the charm-

charming Virgin, whom he so much won upon with Presents of rich Jewels, and other costly Things, that he raised an Ambition in her tender Breast, that before was a Stranger to it, to glitter near a Throne, though but in a Tinsel Splendor; for she was not ignorant he was already married, and that his Queen she could not be; tho' he often protested, if that Vacancy happen'd, he would raise her to the Dignity of the Crown. He also bestow'd his Gold liberally on her Tutorefs, or Woman, who had the Care of her Education; which so blinded her Eyes, and prevailed over her Conscience, that she promised him to do all that was in her Power with the young Lady, to further his wished for Happiness. And so having given Store of Gold to all the Servants, he took his Leave of his fair Mistress with many endearing Kisses; which he had no sooner done, but that he heard Troubles were again risen in his Territories beyond the Seas, which required his Presence to allay and settle.

*The*



The King soon raising a gallant Army, passed into *France*, the Terror of whose Name so daunted his Enemies, that they quickly fled, leaving the towns and Places they had surprized to his Obedience. Yet in the midst of Wars, Blood, and Slaughter, his Love prevailed, and made him write to Fair *Rosamond* in these Words :

Fair Lady,

**I** *Inspired by the Remembrance of your incomparable Beauty, to which your King is a Captive ; I have nevertheless made my Enemies feel the Effects of my Anger and mourn in Tears of Blood, my hasty parting from you, my Guardian Angel, whose bright Idea being still before me, made me a Conqueror wheresoever I came : 'Tis you whom I hold dearer than all the Glories of a Crown : Permit me, fair One, to assure you, my Stay shall not be long, and when I return, I'll place you in a glittering Sphere above the Reach of those you dread. In the mean while, let a languishing King prevail in his Suit,*  
when

*when he begs a Line or two of Comfort  
from your dear Hand.*

H E N R Y, R.

This Letter somewhat surprized the young Lady, and filled her with Fears and Irresolutions not well knowing how she should behave herself in so weighty a Matter, nearly concerning her good Name, Fame and Chastity; yet the glittering Prospect of Greatness and Honour pleading on the other Hand, she resolved to shew it to her Tutorerfs, who had not been negligent in soliciting her to accept of the King's Love and Favour, as he had left directions with her to do; expecting hereby Advancement to herself, if she should but be effectually instrumental in bringing it to pass.

She no sooner read the Letter, but, smiling in her Face, said, My dear Child, You may now well see, that all the happy Constellations agree, that so excellent a Beauty as yours, must not be enjoy'd by a mean Person; you're made for a Queen  
and

and in yielding now to Fortune promised, is a large Step towards a Throne: You may perceive a *Jove* is descending in a Golden Shower, to make you rich and glorious as *Diana*, tho' she was the Daughter of a King. Lay aside your Blushes, and send him a comfortable Answer: Let not too much Modesty hinder you of so great an Honour, as being the Mistress of so noble a King.

This made her blushes come and go, long struggling within her till at last this crafty Matron used so many pressing Argumets, that she returned the following Answer.

Great Sir,

**T**'Was with no small Astonishment I read a Letter subscribed with your royal name and sent to me, as I suppose from your own Hand; but am altogether ignorant of any such Power in me, as to make a Captive of a King: But could not, I confess read without some Pleasure, that my Idea, as your Majesty is pleased to flatter me, should have an Influence in making your Majesty a Conqueror over your Enemies,

mies. Yes, may it please your Majesty, I cannot but interest myself so much in your Affairs, as to rejoyce when you are Victorious, and be glad of your Success. But as to my being plac'd in a glittering Sphere, above the reach of those I dread, I neither understand it, nor dare I give myself the Liberty of thinking what your Majesty's Meaning may be therein: But as I know I deserve no such Promotion, so neither do I desire it: And as my own Innocency, so your Majesty's Royal Goodness is sufficient to keep me from any thing intended by it, that is incompatible with the strictest Rules of Honour and Virtue, And therefore praying for your Majesty's Happiness, Prosperity and safe Return. I beg leave with the humblest Submission, to subscribe myself,

May it please your M A J E S T Y,  
Your ever Dutiful, and  
most Obedient Subject,  
and humble Vassal,

R O S A M O N D.

Ha :



Having got this Letter from the innocent young Lady, she took care to send it safely to the King, according to the Directions left her, inclosing it in one write by herself to the King, at the same time, unknown to Rosamond, which spoke the following Language.

To the K I N G.

Dread Sovereign,

**B**Oth my own Inclinations to serve your Majesty, as well as my Duty, and your Majesty's royal Bounty, has made me leave no Stone unturn'd to make fair Rosamond's hitherto inflexible Virtue give Place to your Majesty's Pleasure; nor have the Pains I have taken been altogether without Effect, as your Majesty will see by the Inclosed, which I have persuaded her to write to your Majesty; which being her first Essay; is sufficient to demonstrate, that she has no Aversion for your Majesty; which tho' it seems not to promise much, yet I doubt not to cultivate it to a Passion worthy of so great a Prince as you Majesty; for your Majesty will easily discern, that there

*there are some Sparks of Affection couch'd  
therein, which will use all the means that  
lie in my Power to blow up into a violent  
Flame: For that she may meet you with  
open Arms, to give you that Satisfaction  
which your Majesty so earnestly desires  
shall be the unwearied Endeavour of,*

Your Majesty's obedient,

dutiful Subject and Servant,

*A L E T H E A.*

The King having receiv'd the Letter,  
first read that of *Althea*, fair *Rosamond's*  
Governess, till he came to these Words.  
*As your Majesty will see by the Inclosed;*  
and then flinging that out of his Hand,  
greedily takes up the other, (which  
was *Rosamond's*) and reads it over and  
over; then kisses it, and reads it again;  
and then lays it down, and reads out  
*Alethea's*, and then takes up *Rosamond's*,  
and reads it again: And is it so, says  
the King! Does *Rosamond* rejoice in  
my Success, and pray for my Prospe-  
rity, and safe Return? Then she's my  
own

down; and when I do return, I'll let her know in more endearing Terms, the Greatness of the Passion in my Breast I have, and what Returns I do expect from her. And to that purpose I'll soon make an End of all that Business that detains me here:

*All other Love's henceforward I'll decline.  
For now the Rose of all the World is mine.*

Pleased with these Thoughts, the King made all the haste he could to put an End to those Affairs that kept him then in *Normandy*: But notwithstanding all Endeavours to return suddenly Home, the unnatural and rebellious Carriage of his Children, kept him much longer there than he intended.

CHAP.

## CHAP. IV.

*How the Lady Clifford discovered the Love that the King had for her Daughter; and after a severe Reprimand given to Rosamond, sent her away in private. How the King having got intelligence where she was, caused her to be brought to Court, &c.*



**T**HE King's Affairs keeping him in Normandy longer than he expected, it happened that the Lady Clifford going into her Daughter's Closet, accidentally espy'd the King's Letter to Rosamond



*Rosamond*; at which being extreamly surpriz'd, as knowing nothing of what had passed between them, called her Daughter to her, and asked her what the Meaning of that Letter was? *Rosamond* was as much surpriz'd at that Question, as her Mother was at the Letter, being put to such a Non-plus that she knew not what to Answer; and therefore made her Blushes pass for one. Her Lady Mother taking her Silence for an Argument of her Guilt, took the Letter in her Hand, and went immediately to her Husband the Lord *Clifford*, who had a very tender Love for *Rosamond*; and shewing him the Letter, he was exceedingly disturb'd thereat; and so they both together went to their Daughter's Chamber, and upbraiding her for being a strumpet to the King, and taking away clearly the Comfort of their Lives, who loook'd upon her as their cheifest Treasure, she kneeled down upon her knees, and solemnly protested to them, that she was still a pure and an unblemish'd Virgin, and that she never yet had given up herself  
unto

unto the King's Embraces, or those of any other Person whatsoever: This Solemn Protestation that she made, somewhat appeas'd her Father's Anger, who was afraid it had been worse: and seeing she persisted in the Truth of what she said, he bid her for the Satisfaction of his Mind, to tell the naked Truth, and let him know how'twas she came by such a Letter. To which he answers thus:

‘ My Lord and Father, I must confess  
‘ the King has made Love to me; nor  
‘ could I well avoid the hearing of it;  
‘ For when he was so nobly treated  
‘ here, how could I chuse but entertain  
‘ him civilly; and tho’ I must confess  
‘ he gave me several Jewels of great  
‘ Value, I thought they only were the  
‘ Testimonies of that Respect he paid  
‘ your Daughter, and not of any Love  
‘ he had to me, till the last Day I saw  
‘ him; and then indeed he told me,  
‘ That if his Queen should die, no other  
‘ Person under Heaven, should fill her  
‘ Place but me. But I excused myself  
‘ if ever it should happen so, as being  
‘ a poor silly Maid, and far unfit for  
‘ such

of such a Prince's Bed. Nor did I hear  
So more of him, untill within this Fort-  
ne- night this Letter was presented to  
ho me by an unknown Hand, as I was  
ng going to the Chapel ; not knowing it  
she was from the King till I had read it,  
his which whilst I was a doing, the Mes-  
let senger withdrew himself. And now,  
ch my honoured Father, I do desire to  
us know wherein I am Criminal, un-  
less it be in not acquainting you I had  
nor received a Letter from him?

it ; Her Father having heard her, thus  
ted reply'd, ' My only Child, my dearest  
ain *Rosamond*, the Staff and Comfort of  
less thy Father's Age, I am glad to find  
eat thou still art Innocent : Let me advise  
the thee Child to have a Care, and keep  
aid thyself Unspotted as thou art : Gaze  
ove not too much on the bright Sun of  
aw Honour lest it should make thee blind  
ne, to thy own Destruction ; for should't  
ner thou come to glitter near the Throne it  
ner would be only with a faint Reflection,  
self that would have in it neither Life nor  
ng Heat. What Honour would it be to  
for have it said, That *Rosamond's* King  
ach C *Henry's*

‘ *Henry’s* Concubine, and for unlawful  
‘ Love has lost his Virtue ? Consider,  
‘ Child, if Chastity begone, there’s no  
‘ thing left Praise-worthy in a woman.  
‘ Pride not thyself in being Beautiful,  
‘ ’tis falsely called so, if thou art not  
‘ Chaste ; for though thy Body appear  
‘ ne’er so fair, yet without Chastity, it  
‘ cannot be beautiful. Beauty is like  
‘ the Flowers of the Spring, fair to the  
‘ Sight, yet quickly said away ; but  
‘ Chastity, is like the Stars of Heaven,  
‘ that always shine with a refulgent  
‘ Brightness. There is a Difference be-  
‘ tween Love and Lust, for one is as  
‘ far distant from the other, as Heaven  
‘ is from Hell. And all the King’s Ad-  
‘ dresses unto thee, are the Effects of  
‘ Lust, and not of Love ; he has a Queen  
‘ to whom his Love is due ; and think  
‘ what jealous Rage will fill her Breast  
‘ when she shall know thou robb’st her  
‘ of the King : For Jealousy is a Hell  
‘ to the Mind, and a Terror to the  
‘ Conscience, surpassing Reason, and  
‘ inciting Rage. Think then my Child  
‘ what it is thou canst expect, in thy  
‘ un



unlawful Love or rather Lust : Thou wilt be sure to lose thy Virtue, and Honour, thy Chastity, thy Reputation, and which is most, perhaps thy Life ; and which is most of all, thy Soul, without Repentance. If therefore thou wilt change thy Virgin-state, I will take care to get a Husband for thee, with whom thou may'st live honestly ; and that perhaps may be a Means to quench that Fire of Lust thy Beauty may have kindled in the King, and make the safe, and us thy Parents easy.

Fair *Rosamond* gave great Attention to her Father's Words, assuring them with great Assèverations, that she wou'd to the utmost of her Power, avoid what're should be displeasing to them. But that as to the changing her Condition, she humbly did desire to be excused, for that she had a Mind to live a Virgin.

Her Mother thereupon said, ' *Rosamond*, it would be much more to my Satisfaction, and to your Father's too, to see you married, for then I

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could

‘ could believe you out of Danger ; and  
‘ you will know my Lord *FitzWalters*  
‘ has a Passion for you, a Nobleman  
‘ if an Illustrious Family, as Wealthy  
‘ too as most Lords in the Kingdom ;  
‘ your Father would be glad of such a  
‘ Son-in-law, and so should I, to see  
‘ you so well married ; and therefore  
‘ do not stand in your own Light, lest  
‘ you thereby do make us both believe  
‘ you have too great a kindness for the  
‘ king.

To this *Rosamond* answered, She  
should be willing to give them all the  
Satisfaction they desir’d; but hop’d they  
would not put her upon Courting my  
Lord *Fitz Walters*, however well ac-  
complished he might be ; but that it  
was enough for her to entertain him  
when he came to Court her. Her Father  
told her, as to that, he would take care  
that all things should be managed to  
her Satisfaction ; but when he came to  
Court her, he expected that she should  
treat him as a Person worthy of her  
Love, for he should measure the Duty  
that she paid to him, by the Respect she  
gave

gave to that young Gentleman. To which she only answered, *she hoped she should in no respect be wanting in her Duty.*

But while the good Lord *Clifford* and his Lady were pleased in their design'd disposal of their Daughter, king *Henry* was returned from *Normandy*, having concluded all his Business there, and made a Peace with *France* and with his Sons. This made fair *Rosamond* very indifferent to the Lord *Fitz-Walters*, who by Permission of her Father courted her; so that she told him plainly, she had a greater kindness for him than to expose him to the king's Resentments: For she was sure whoever courted her, must undergo the Anger of the king. And this was such a Blow to the young Lord, as quickly cool'd his Courage, for that he had no mind to have the king his Rival. But e'er he went away, he told her Father how he had been dismissed by *Rosamond*; who then perceiving there was no trusting unto what she said, resolv'd to take another Course with her, and

save her from impending Ruin, tho  
 against her Will ; and to that End in  
 two Days Time, ordered a Coach and be  
 Horses to be ready, and every Thing sw  
 prepared for a long Journey ; and calli  
 ling then for *Alethea*, fair *Rosamond*'s Be  
 false Governess, of whom they them  
 had not the least Mistrust, told her m  
 their Thoughts of the King's Love to d  
*Rosamond*, and to what Miserie'twould  
 expose her to ; (at which he shewed it  
 most extream Surprize) and told her e  
 That in order to prevent it, they would So  
 have her married to the Lord *FitzKi*  
*Walters*, who, as she knew, had lately we  
 courted her ; and then in what a Man Al  
 ner she dismissed him : And here *Alethe*  
*thea* thought it time for her to speak Ma  
 little, lest too much Silence should benab  
 tray her Falshood ; and therefore tol  
 unt  
 them, *She often wonder'd why she treat*  
*that young nobleman with so much coldness disc*  
*as she'd seen her do : And once, said she are*  
*I took Occasion to tell her of it : Madam Me*  
*said I, I think you treat your Lover bu Can*  
 indifferently. As he desev'es, said she of  
 to me. Deserves ! said I, I think m  
 Lor



no Lord *Fitz Walter* deserves a Lady of  
in the greatest Fortuue in the Kingdom,  
and because his Person and Estate will an-  
swer it. Your Judgment and mine  
differ, *Alethea*, said she to me again :  
Besides I think my Beauty may deserve  
more than anothers Fortune, although  
my own is not contemptable. In short,  
I do expect a better Husband.

O *Alethea* ! said the old Lord to her,  
it was the King that *Rosamond* intend-  
ed ; *Ambition* has the Ascendant of her  
Soul : And nought will serve her but the  
King's Embraces : This is the Thing that  
we would not prevent, and, honest  
*Alethea*, thou must help us in it And  
therefore Thou and she, to Morrow  
Morning, must with all Privacy imagi-  
nable, depart from hence to Cornwall,  
unto a Kinsman's there, near to Lance-  
aston ; there she may live in Private un-  
ness discovered, and until the King's Affections  
beare diverted, and placed upon some other  
Meretricious Beauty. And for your  
Care in the attending of her, and watching  
her Waters, as we say, thou shalt  
not

‘ not only have our Thanks, but b  
‘ but well rewarded also.

I will be sure, said she, to do my Duty, and think you take the wise Course to save your Daughter both from shame and Ruin.

With that, the good old Lord presented her with some broad Pieces of old Gold as a reward, as she thought of her faithfulness. And the next Morning, *Rosamond* and her Governess, or Woman, coached it away for *Cornwal*, and in a few Days came to her kinsman’s House, where they were well received.

But when the Wolf is set to keep the Sheep, they are not very long like to be safe : For *Alethea*, bribed largely by king *Henry*, was all this while the grand Intreaguer in this Love-affair ; who took an Opportunity of sending to the king a large Account of all Things that had passed ; and how far they were sent to take the Air ; and she to Watch the Waters of fair *Rosamond*.

King *Henry* having this Intelligence, and thereby understanding how Things

went.

went, resolved to have her out o all  
their Hands; and thereupon sent for  
her Uncle to come to him presently :  
Who being come he told him he had  
a Piece of Service to command him in,  
which he would expect to be most pun-  
ctually obeyed. Her Uncle told him,  
he hop'd he would not question his Alle-  
giance, nor the Performance of his Du-  
ty to him; And therefore humbly did  
beseech his Majesty to let him know  
what service it was to do.

'Tis, said the king, *to go immediately*  
*to Cornwall, where at your kinsman's*  
*near Lancelton you'll find your beauteous*  
*kinswoman fair Rosamond;* present  
her with this Jewel from me; and use  
your Best endeavour to bring her to my  
Court, without her parents knowledge.

Her Uncle seem'd a Little startl'd, at  
a command so far from what he did ex-  
pect, which when the King observ'd,  
Ho, my Lord, said he, have I thock'd ye  
then? Where's your Allegiance now?

Here in my Heart, reply'd her Uncle,  
where it has always been; of which  
your Majesty shall soon be satisfied, by

my Obedience. For he was loth the King should think he was unwilling to obey him, lest he should thereby incur his Displeasure, and run the Risque of having those great Offices he held under the King took from him: 'Twas only for the Sake of those he undertook the ungrateful Service which the King imposed upon him.

Having received the King's Commands, away he goes to *Cornwal*, where finding of his Kinswoman, according as the King had told him, he made as if he had called there by Accident, having come down about some other Business: Then told her how exceeding glad he was to find her there. And after some jocose Discourse together, asked her, if she'd go up with him to Court, for he was sure the King would make her welcome: which tho' he only spoke to feel her Pulse, he found her willing to accept his Offer; and therefore without any more ado, provided for her Journey a very noble Chariot; and so attended with her Governess, and a few trusty Servants, he brought her,



to the Court, and put her in those private Lodgings which were before appointed by the King for her Reception,

Her Uncle having acquainted the King that she was come, and how he had disposed of her, he came that very Night to give her a Visit.

And seeing now that Beauty in its full Bloom, which was but blooming when he saw her last, he was surpriz'd with Wonder and Amazement: And Rosamond, knowing it was the King, as she was kneeling down upon her Knees, he runs and takes her up, with this Exordium:

*O Fairest of Creatures under Heaven!  
kneel not to me, for thy excellent Beauty,  
Commands all Knees and Hearts to Bow  
to thee: Then Kissing her, as if he  
would have sucked away her Breath.  
Welcome to me, said he, my sweetest  
Rose: welcome to Henry's Court, my  
dearest Rosamond: All here, my Rosa-  
mond, is at thy Command; for I no Ser-  
vant have but what is thine. Then say  
my sweetest Rose, what is it here that  
thou wilt ask of Henry!*

The

Then being silent, as expecting her Reply, *Rosamond* answer'd thus:

‘ Under the Frowns of my offended  
‘ Parents, I beg Protection at your Roy-  
‘ ly Hand, and that within your Court  
‘ I may be Free.

‘ Free, *said the King* : Alas, my *Rosa-  
mond*, ’tis I have reason to make that  
‘ Petition; for you have long since made  
‘ your King a Captive.

‘ Pardon me, gracious Sovereign,  
‘ reply’d *Rosamond*, for if I’ve guilty  
‘ been of such a Crime, I’m sure it was  
‘ a Sin of Ignorance.

To which the King reply’d, ‘ Ah *Rosa-  
mond*! You’ve made me Captive, but  
without a Crime; for ’tis your Beau-  
ty has inthrawled my Heart; that  
wondrous Beauty that’s without a Pa-  
rallel. And as for that Protection which  
you beg, King *Henry* tells you, that  
you may command it; and ’tis the  
highest Reason that you should. But  
tell me *Rosamond*, wherein could you,  
whose very Thoughts are always Pure  
and Chaste, unto your Parents give  
the least Offence?

‘ Dread

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‘ Dread Sir, *reply’d fair Rosamond*, again, my very being here is an Offence, I came unto your Court without their Leave ; and for that reason your Protection ask.’

To which the King return’d, ‘ I have already said, You shall command it, But sure, *continued he*, your Parents were i’t’h’ Wrong, to hinder you from coming to the Court : Where should the peerless Son of Beauty shine, but at the Court, its true Meridian ? And to shut up those Beams within a Corner that should inlighten and irrudiate the whole Kingdom, must needs be a great Error. However, *Rosamond*, here you are safe ; for any he, let it be whom he will, may as well take the Crown from off my Head, or pluck me from the Throne whereon I sit, as offer the least Injury to you ; and I’ll as much resent it. ’

To which *fair Rosamond* only reply’d, I thank your Gracious Majesty, and will henceforth esteem myself secure, under your Promised Protection.

This Discourse having pass’d, a short

Col

Collation ensued, wherein the King shewed himself extreamly pleas'd; and *Rosamond* herself seem'd very well contented. After Supper the King told her, that in regard of the Fatigues of her Journey, he would give her no farther Disturbance that Night; but would suddenly visit her again, and so charging her Uncle to have a particular Regard to her, and see that she wanted nothing she desired, he took his Leave of her for that Time.

*Alethea*, who was her Governess, was with her still, and did all she could to persuade her to yield to the King's Embraces: But *Rosamond* seemed averse to, what her Father had before said to her, running in her Mind. However, she dress'd herself with all the Gallantry imaginable, according to the Mode of that Age; and the King having made her a Present of some very rich Jewels, she wore 'em all, to make herself appear more Beautiful and Glorious: Tho' to speak truth, her native Beauty was sufficient, without any Helps from Art, to charm the Greatest Monarch in the world. And



And now the King, who had two or three times visited *Rosamond* as a Friend, began to be impatient of Delay, and thought it was high Time to have some close Conversation with her. And therefore coming one Evening to see her, (for he generally visited her in an Evening, for the greater Privacy) he accosted her in these Terms:

*I have hitherto flatter'd myself, my sweetest Rosamond, that you have had a kindness for me, but now I begin to find I was mistaken: for I too plainly see you have no Regard for me.*

*How, said Rosamond, somewhat surpriz'd: Can your Majesty think I have no regard for my Protector, under whose Royal Court I live here secretly? If I have any way been wanting in my Duty, or given your Majesty just Occasion for such Thoughts, pray let me know it, that I may better pay your Majesty the Duty that I owe you. But notwithstanding what you have deen pleased to say, I hardly can believe your Majesty does think so.*

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How

‘ How is it possible, *reply’d the king*, I  
 ‘ can think otherwise, when I’ve been  
 ‘ your Captive, and yet you never go  
 ‘ about to set me free? Have not I of-  
 ‘ ten told you, You have wounded me,  
 ‘ and yet you never go about to apply  
 ‘ that Severeign Balm, by which my  
 ‘ Wounds are only capable of being  
 ‘ cur’d? And is not this next to a De-  
 ‘ monstration that you have but little  
 ‘ Kindness for me?

To this fair *Rosamond*, with Blushes  
 that still render’d her more fair, replied  
 as follows: ‘ Your Majesty is pleased  
 to speak to me in Figures, but I am  
 but a simple Maid, and cannot under-  
 stand ’em. So far you seem to me  
 from being Captive, that you appear  
 the only Man that’s free. For were  
 it otherwise, I’d make myself a Cap-  
 tive to procure your Liberty, if that  
 could do it. And did I see you wound-  
 ed, if my own Blood could cure you,  
 you should have it. Therefore, Great  
 Sir, I would not have you charge me  
 so unjustly: For whilst you are at  
 Liberty, and Well, I do not see in  
 what



what is it that I can serve your Majesty. ’

To this fetching a sigh, the king made this reply. ‘ Ah, *Rosamond*! I know you understand me well enough; but who’s more blind, than they that will not see: But since you force me to speak plainly, know it is your Beauty that has wounded me; and ’tis your Charms makes me a Captive to you, Love calls for Love; nor can my Wounds be cur’d without Enjoyment, if therefore you have that regard for me, your Words would seem to intimate, shew that is real, by admitting me to your embraces, and granting me the full Fruition of your Love. ’

*Rosamond* seemed extreamly disorder’d at what the king said last, and rising up was going to kneel down, but the king would not suffer her, but plucked her up again and said, ‘ kneel not, my dearest *Rosamond*; it is I should kneel to thee. I only ask——

Here *Rosamond* interrupting him, said, Ask for my Life, Great Sir, and you shall

shall have it; or any thing that's in my Power to give; But ask not for my Honour, nor to give up my Virgin Jewel; for that's so precious, and so Valuable, I can never part with it, but to a Husband. My Outward Form, is but the Casket only; 'tis Virtue is the Jewel, and when that's gone, what Worth is in the other? Not a poor Peasant would esteem of that; much less is it a Present for a King. Nor would your Majesty, if I should part with it, regard me afterwards but as a Strumpet. She that has lost her Honour, is but a faded Flower, how Gay soever she appeared before; and like a clouded Diamond, of no Value. 'Tis Virtue only is the precious Jewel that ever shines with an unclouded Lustre.

————— *And then kneeling down, said thus:* Then let me beg you, Sir, to ask no more, for that which I can never grant but to a Husband.

The King was mightily surprized to hear such Words from *Rosamond*, of whom he thought he should have made

an easy Conquest: And was as much in love with her good Parts and Virtue, as he was with her Beauty. But as he knew Stones with continual Dropping of the Water wear away, so he never doubted but with repeated Solicitations, he might at last overcome this stubborn Beauty. And therefore unto what she had last said, he thus reply'd:

Think not, my *Rosamond*, that it is Lust which makes me solicit for Enjoyment: No, no my Love is no such smoky Fire, but burns as clear as Vestals at the Altar; nor would I, as you say, receive that Gift that Virtue could not give me. Kings have you know, a peculiar Prerogative, and move in Spheres above the common Rank. Their Priviledge it is to have many Wives, when Subjects are by Law confined to one: And therefore tho' my *Eleanor* be Queen, yet *Rosamond* shall reign as well as she, and ever in my Heart command as Chief. We will be married first, my *Rosamond*, and then I hope you will not scruple it.

I know not, Sir, said *Rosamond*, whether

Whether or no it be a lawful thing to marry one that has a wife already; but if that can be prov'd, I've nothing to object; for I have no Aversion to your Person, nay let me tell you, I have a Value for you above others, both as you are a Man, and much more as you are my king and Sovereign.

The king then gave her several kisses, with many Promises to make her Happy, if she agreed to what he had proposed. And having left *Rosamond* goes to *Alethea*, her Governess, for whom he had yet a great Respect and told her what Repulses he had meet withal from *Rosamond*, instead of that Enjoyment he expected. *Alethea*, as one that was Case harden'd in Wickedness, told the King, That if his Majesty pleased to follow her humble Advice he should not enter into any further Parlies with her, but that he should find a far nearer Way to the Happiness he desired for as to being Married, it would be both a dilatory Thing, and of no Avail when it was dore, as she intended to inform *Rosamond*.



But what is the Way then that you would advise to? said the King to her.

May it please your Majesty, said *Alethea*, the Way that I would have you to take is this: That you should come in to my Chamber to Morrow Night, a little before Bed-time; and I will leave you there alone a-while, till I have got my Lady *Rosamond* to Bed; and whereas I lie with her every Night, I will delay the time of my going to Bed as I sometimes do, till she's asleep; and then I will bring your Majesty into the Chamber, and you shall go to Bed to her in my stead; and I doubt not but before the Morning Light, your Majesty will so well satisfy her, that all her Anger will be over; and for the future your Admittance will be easy.

The King was very well pleas'd with this Contrivance of *Alethea*, and as a Token thereof, presented her with a rich diamond Ring, and told her, he would follow her Advice; and be with her incognito the next Night.

*Alethea* going afterwards to *Rosamond*, she told her what had passed between the

the King and her, and how the King had promised to marry her: And asked, whether such a Marriage would stand good? *Alethea* told her, No; and that it would but inrage Queen *Eleanor* the more against her; For, said she, Kings may indeed be allowed Concubines, but not more Wives than one: And tho' Concubines are not married, yet are they counted next in Honour to the Queen, and take Place of all the Nobility.

*Rosamond* was pretty well pleased to hear this, for Ambition had a great Ascendant over her Soul: She was willing to be Great, but loath to be thought a Whore: And therefore could not tell how to brook the thoughts of the King's Lying with her; and therefore had a mind to have gone back again to *Cornwal*, rather than suffer herself to be deflowered by the King. But *Alethea* told her she was safe enough where she was and to be sure the King would do nothing to displease her. Whereupon she resolved to wait, and see what would be the Issue of her last Conference with the King.

Th

The next Evening the King came to *Alethea* according to his Time, to whom *Alethea* told what Discourse she had had with *Rosamond*; and how she had talk'd of going back into the Country: But, I hope, *said she*, your Majesty will make her of another Mind before to Morrow Morning.

You may be sure, *said the King*, I won't be wanting on my Part. And thereupon *Alethea* went to get *Rosamond* to Bed, as she was wont to do: And in about an Hours Time, (which the King's Impatience of Delay made him think an Age) she came back again to the King, and told him, That if he pleas'd to follow her, she would bring him to *Rosamond* who was a Bed and asleep.

The King needed no Perswasions to follow her, but went with her immediately to her Chamber, there soon was disrobed himself; and *Alethea*, taking her leave of him, and left him to manage his Business with *Rosamond*, according to his own Discretion.

The King having shut the Door, and lock'd

locked it after *Alethea*, went into Bed to *Rosamond*, who was fast a sleep, not dreaming of the treacherous Part that *Alethea* play'd. The King not willing presently to wake his charming Mistress, lay still; but lying closer to her than *Alethea* used to do, she waked of herself, and not knowing but it was *Alethea* that was in her Bed I prithee, Governess, (said she, for so she used to call her, and such she thought she was) lie further off a little, you crowd so close, as if you'd thrust me out of Bed.

And now the King thought it a proper time to speak to her, and let her know who 'twas that was her Bed-fellow: And thereupon bespeak hes thus, My dearest *Rosamond*; 'Tis not your Governess, it is your King that lies so close to you (and thereupon embraced her in his Arms) and sure you need not fear that I would thrust you out of Bed.

It is not easy to imagine how great was the Surprize that *Rosamond* was in at this Discovery; and fain she would have gotten out of Bed: but the King held her fast, and would n't let her go



O Sir said she, I could not think you would have served me thus, when you assured me, that in the Court I should be safe and free.

Yes said the King, I know I promised it; and you shall find, that to a Title I will make good my Word for you shall be as free and as safe as ever.

If it be so, said *Rosamond*, pray let me go, and give me leave to rise.

No, said the King, then I should break my Word; you cannot be more safe than in my Arms; For now I am sure nothing can injure you.

O Sir, consider, she reply'd again, what can be more injurious to poor *Rosamond*, than thus to have her Honour taken from her?

Your Honour, said the King! I am the Fountain of all Honour here; and what I take, I can restore again: Nor can what I shall do, be in the least imputed unto you; for it is I alone am the Aggressor; and therefore if it be a Fault, it is wholly mine; you are but passive King it.

D

Come

*Come then, thou Rose o'th' World; be no more coy  
 But Love's Delights let's mutually enjoy:  
 The precious Minutes let's no longer waste,  
 But Love's delicious Sweets let's freely taste.  
 The Night will all thy conscious Blushes hide,  
 Imagine now that thou art Henry's Bride,  
 Who'll thee prefer 'fore all the World beside.*

*Rosamond* now found Resistance would be in vain, and that since Things were gone so far, she had better oblige the King, than to deny him that which he would take whether she would or no. And thereupon, without resisting any farther, suffered the King to do what he pleased; which pleased the King so well, that before the Morning Light appeared, he pleased fair *Rosamond* all night, and their pleasing Embraces at last left them asleep in one another's Arms, until the Sun peeped in to see what they were a doing, which having first awakened fair *Rosamond*, she was surprized to find herself naked in the King's Arms, which summon'd up the Blood into her Face, and added a fresh Beauty to her Charms. The King perceiving her somewhat disordered, gave her good Words.

Words to keep her spirits up ; saying,  
My Rosamond, as thou hast thus ob-  
liged me, doubt not but I will be always  
true to thee. Thou shalt want nothing  
in my Power to give : Thou hast made  
me happy, though against thy Will ; and  
to requite thee I will willingly make thee  
so, if all that I possess is capable of doing  
it. And thereupon sealing his Pro-  
mises with many kisses, he once more  
quenched his amorous Flames with  
substantial Joys.

For a Time these two happy Lovers  
often met and enjoyed their wanton  
Dalliances in private ; but the Envy of  
some Court-ladies, to whom the King  
had been wont to shew the same Kind-  
ness finding themselves now neglected  
for this peerless Beauty, being fill'd with  
the Revenge and Indignation, did by their  
secret Whispers soon spread abroad the  
King's Familiarity with *Rosamond*, not  
only in the Court, but Country also  
so that the Lord *Clifford* and his Lady,  
to *Rosamond's* Father and Mother, heard  
it with much Grief ; and those that had  
been

been her Suiters, where almost distracted, seeing they had irreparable lost their Hopes of enjoying so precious a Jewel, seeing she was now mounted on so high a Pinnacle of Honour, that she was got above their reach. And the King, who knew his Love to be no longer Secret, not only smiled at the Complaints, and bitter Reproches of his jealous Queen; but because his fair Mistress to be sumptuously Attired, appointing Servants to attend and wait upon her where-ever she went; so that being decked in Silks, and Gold Embroideries, and Gems, she dazzled the Eyes of all Beholders, who could easily distinguish between fair *Rosamond* and all the other Beauties of the Court; she as far out-shining them, as the bright Beams of *Phæbus*, out vies pale *Cynthia's* Light, insomuch that the Beauty of *Rosamond*, and her great State at Court, became the Table-talk of all the Nation.

The King, being every Day more and more pleased with *Rosamond*, that her Friends and Relations might be the



better Satisfied, promoted them to Honour, and gave them places of Profit ; and *Rosamond* became the only Intercessor for all that wanted any thing to be done at Court ; for whatever Favour she ask'd, she was sure not to be denied : By which she not only advanced and relieved many decayed Families, but often stood between Death, and such as had incurred the King's Displeasure, saving many that were condemned to die ; and in all Things she used those good Offices with her enamour'd Sovereign, as gained her a general good Esteem, especially amongst the ordinary sort of People, whose loud Shouts and general Acclamations declared their Satisfaction.

## C H A P. V.

*How Queen Eleanor plotted to destroy fair Rosamond; to prevent which she was removed to a stately Bower at Woodstock: How the queen to further her cruel Design, caused her Son Richard to raise War against his Father in Normandy.*



**Q**ueen Eleanor growing outrageous, when she perceiv'd no kind Words nor Intreaties, mixed with Threats, could wean the King her Husband's Love from his new Mistress

and though he laboured other ways all  
he could to please and pacify her, yet  
he set her Engines on work to fright  
her from his Arms, and for the Safety  
of her Life inclose herself in a Nunnery  
which according to those superstitious  
Times was held so Sacred and Inviola-  
ble, that whoever enter'd it, could not  
be taken out again; no, not by the  
King, without committing Sacrilege,  
and incurring the Pope's Curse. But fair  
*Rosamond* shewing him some Letters,  
threatning her Destruction, that were  
dropp'd in her Lodgings on purpose for  
her to find and read, thereby to terrify  
and affright her from his Arms; such  
Enquiry was made about it, that some  
of those that had done it, were discover'd  
by Similitude of Hands, and severely  
punish'd, and many of the Ladies, who  
spoke distractingly of her, and gave  
her Affronts, were banish'd the Court;  
insomuch, that at length, perceiving  
the King was in earnest, resolutely bent  
to defend his fair One, they gave over a-  
ny further Projects of this Nature: and  
to prevent Violence, he appointed her a

Guard to wait on her at Home and Abroad; and to remove her further from the Queen's Sight, that her Envy and continual Clamours, if possible, might cease he caused a stately Palace, call'd, *The Delightful Bower of Woodstock, in Oxfordshire*, to be built with great cost, with all the cunning turnings and windings imaginable, far exceeding the *Delaliam Labyrinth*, which he appointed for her Country Retirement, when she please to take the Air.

This stately Bower had many Entries and Passages under Ground, into which Light came thro' narrow Stone Crevices, shaded with Bushes not perceivable to those that walked above, rising with Doors in Hills far distant, to escape from Danger, upon any timely Notice though the Place should be suddenly besieg'd, and surrounded; and within this stately Bower were intricate Mazes and Windings thro' long Entries, Rooms and Galleries, strongly secur'd with a hundred and fifty Doors: so that to find the Way out, and into the most remote Apartments, the skilful

Ar



An Artift had left a Silver Clew of Thread, without the Guidance of which, it was next to impoffible to be done. About this Bower were curious Gardens, Fountains and a Wildernefs, with all manner of Delights for pleasant Situation, and Recreation, to furnifh it as another Earthly Paradife, for fo fair a Creature to inhabit; and thither the King often reforted to fee his beloved *Rosamond*.

But this more vexed the intraged Queen, not only that ſhe ſhould have fo famous a Place, built on purpoſe for her, but that the King ſtaid whole Weeks in his Viſits, and left her to lie tumbling and toſſing in much Perplexity, whiſt another enjoyed the Embraces ſhe expected; wherefore ſhe conſulted with her Sons, now Men grown, how to be revenged; and after many Things argued, and conſidered, it was agreed amongſt them, that Prince *Richard*, afterward King of *England*, ſhould go over and joyn with the *French*, to raiſe War againſt his Father in *Normandy*, then belonging to the Crown of *England*; which whiſt he effected,

speedily would withdraw the King to aid his Subjects, and subdue his Enemies; and so leaving his fair Mistress behind him, and *Rosalmond* being destitute of her chief Defence, might lie open to their Plots and Contrivances against her Life, which while he was present, would be frustrated. Nor was Prince *Richard* slow in this, but made a fierce War, beat the King's Lieutenant, and took many Towns; which News coming to the King's Ear, roused him as a Lion from his Den, and fill'd him with Princely Resolution of Revenge: 'Tis true indeed, those different Passions of Revenge and Love, long struggled in his Breast; but Love at last gave place unto his Honour, vowing his Love should make Revenge more sharp. And therefore he resolv'd to pass the Sea with a well-disciplin'd and Royal Army.

C H A P.

## C H A P. VI.

*How the King took his Leave of fair Rosamond, to pass the Seas, and the great Sorrow she made for his Departure, with his comfortable Words to her: How he left her in the Care of her Uncle, and went to fight against his haughty Foes, &c.*



**T**His Resolution of the King, by means of the keeper of her Bower, came to the Ears of *Rosamond*, which she receiv'd with an inexpressible Grief: Her Soul was filled with Mourning, to hear

hear it ; her Heart was turn'd a Wardrobe of true Passion ; the rosy Dye that deck'd her blushing Cheeks grew pale, and Clouds immur'd the muffled Skies of her resplendent Beauty : So great her Sorrow was, it even made the Stars for Pity drop down from the Spheres, and *Cynthia* in a gloomy Vale of Darkness, inshroud the pale Beams of her borrow'd Light : Had but Queen *Eleanor* beheld her now, her Envy would have fallen fast asleep, and Cruelty herself have fell a Weeping.

The King however, firm to his Resolves being just ready to depart for *Normandy*, went last of all to take his Leave of fair *Rosamond* ; and to assure her of his Love and kindness, *Rosamond* had some Notice of his coming, and of the Errand he was come about : and strait her Eyes grew dim, and down upon the Ground forthwith she fell, and every Object danc'd before her in the Maze of Death : her Eyes were closed, and tho' she sat in Darkness, without the Help of Light, her Beauty shined.

The



The King came in and found her on the Floor, in all the storm of Greif; sighing such Breaths of sorrow, that her Lips, which late appeared like Buds, were now over-blown; and when she came a little to herself, she poured forth Tears at such a lavish rate, that were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd the Wrath of Heaven, and quenched the mighty Ruin. 'Twould raise the Pity of a marble Breast, to see the Tears force thro' her snowy Lids, and lodg themselves on her red murmuring Lips, which after a small respite, faintly said, *Ah, dearest Prince! How cruel is unkind Fortune unto Lovers, that we must so soon part; and my presaging Soul forebodes never to meet again in this World, if now you leave me to the irreconcilable Hatred of my merciless Enemy, quite void of your Royal Shelter and Protection: O for this, did I resign myself into your Arms, and gave up my Virgin Innocency, and unspotted Treasure to your Will and Pleasure! O is there no English General trusty and vailiant enough to defeat and scourge your Rebels,*  
*but*

*but must you be seperated from your faithful constant Rosamond, and venture your precious Life, which is now dearer to me than my own, and all the valuable Things in this World.*

She would have proceeded, but a mighty Sorrow for a Time stopped, the Utterance of her Voice, and she had fallen to the Ground had not the King catched her in his Arms, tenderly embracing her, and kissing her wan and faded Cheeks and Lips a thousand times: then setting her down by him; he said *Fairek of Creatures, thou fairest and most fragrant Rose of all the World, afflict me not thus with thy Tears; but dearest Rosamond, at my Entreaty let them cease to flow, and let not such a mighty Sorrow impair thy lovely Beauties; you are not ignorant How often I have been victorious over these very Enemies that now presume to dare me forth to their Destruction: I cannot, but confess indeed, I am grieved to part with my sweet Rose; but adverse Fortune proves an Enemy to us both, in constraining this unkind Separation; but no doubt*

doubt my Return will be speedy, with Success, and then the Laurel of Victory I shall gain by Dint of Sword shall Crown my fairest Mistress, and make her smile when we meet again to renew our Joys and Delight. In the mean while, my precious Jewel, I will wear thee on my Heart; nor shall the rude Alarms of the War drive the Image thence.

To this Rosamond, with Tears still flowing and her snowy Arms cast about his Neck, replied, And why may not I go with my so much-loved Lord? I'll dress me like a Page, and wait on you in all your Dangers; and when in the Heat of Fight your precious Life is in Distress, by the threating Sword and Spear, I will boldly step between, and by receiving the Wounds that threatens you, guard your Life with the Loss of my own: Wait on you in your Tent, and dress your Food in Day, and at Night I'll make your Princely Bed soft and easie to you; and take Delight to do you all the Pleasure that I can: O take me with you, for there is no such Safety in the World for me, as in your royal Camp; but waiting on you, my Life is Death.

She

She would have proceeded, but the King stoop'd her Voice with many tender Kisses, and interrupting her, said, My fairest Rose, you are not fit to brook the Toils of War, Ladies cannot endure the Fatigues & Hardships of Camps, soft Peace and delightful Pleasures, are most agreeable to their sweet Tempers, therefore you must stay in *Eng'land's* peaceful and pleasant Soil till I return. Then calling to him Sir *Thomas*, her Uncle, the trusty Knight, who had first given him an Account of her rare Beauty, he said, Here, worthy Knight, I commit this inestimable Treasure to your sole Care and Conduct, my fair *Rosamond*; a Treasure far more valuable than a Kingdom; take to you a strong Guard for her Defence, and be careful, I charge you, as you tender your Life, that none be permitted to see her till my Return. And expect my fair Mistress, I shall often write to you, and require your Answers. Alas said she, this Parting's worse than Death, and I'm afraid my Death will be the fatal Issue of it. I'm sure the Soul and Body cannot part with so great pain, as now I part with  
you.



you. Fain would I speak the last Farewel,  
but cannot, there are so many Deaths in  
that hard Word. Go, Royal Sir, that I may  
know my Grief; for Grief's but guess'd  
while you are standing by: But I too soon  
shall know what absence is: 'Tis the Sun's  
parting from the frozen North, while I  
stand looking on some Icy Cliff, to watch  
the last low Circles that he makes, till he  
sinks down from Heaven. Ah, *Rosamond*  
reply'd the King to her, Methinks there  
are such mournful success in parting, that  
I could hang for ever on thy Arms, and  
look away my Life into thy Eyes. But I  
have far to go, and must hasten. And so  
said *Rosamond* again, if Death be far, for  
that's the Stage to which I now am  
going; from whence I never, never  
shall return. And so in Tears parted  
from each other.

## C H A P. VII.

*How upon the King's departing the Land, the Queen call'd a Consult to debate the Destruction of fair Rosamond: How they laid an Ambush near the Bower, and training out the Knight, who guarded it, slew him and many others, when getting the Silver Clue, the Queen found fair Rosamond arrayed like an Angel, and compelled her to drink a Bowl of Poison, of which she died.*



**F**AIR, but disconsolate poor *Rosamond*, gave a long Look after the King, when he had parted from her; and

and just as he was out of sight, (as if her sorrowful foreboding Soul had told her she should never see him more, she with a dismal heart-piercing Cry, threw herself down upon her Couch, and fell into a Swoon; from which, when her Attendants had recover'd her, she so oft fainted, that her maids had much ado to keep Life in her; but when she was recover'd, she gave herself up to Sorrow and Melancholy, refusing to be comforted for some Weeks, her Sleep still going from her; and when she slumber'd a little, she started, crying out, *O save me, save me, here's the Queen; she's got to me at last*; and with the Fright awak'd, scar'd and terrified with her Dreams. Nor was it without Reason that *Rosamond* was thus afflicted in her Mind, for all this while, Queen *Eleanor* was plotting her Destruction: Which to effect, she first propos'd it to some Favourites, whom she had rais'd from a low Condition to a high Promotion; but they started at it, as a Thing full of Danger, seeing if it were known, there Lives would surely be forfeited, and lost at the King's Re-

Return, unless they fled the Land, and left all behind them, to the Ruin of Themselves and Families. This so enraged the jealous Queen that she reviled them with a thousand Reproaches of Cowardize and Ingratitude, for the many Favours she had heaped upon them, which, with some Perswasions and large Offers, prevailed so far with several of her Domesticks that they vow'd to stand by her in any dangerous Attempt, if she wou'd but vouchsafe to be present at the doing of it, that so, if it were discover'd, she being the Consort Royal, would easily come off from the Danger of the Laws, and they shelter'd under the Necessity of positive Commands, might have a more colour'd Pretence and Excuse for having a Hand in the Matter ; to this she readily consented ; and it being in Summer-time, undertook a Progress, as she gave out for her Health, appointing at a set time, her Conspirators to hide themselves in a Cave near the Bower, overshadow'd with Trees and Bushes, and at the Sound of a Horn to rush out and do



as she commaded; which they swore to observe: Whereupon she counterfeited a Letter, as from the King, to fair *Rosamond*; and being near the Bower, she hid herself in a Grove, and sent one of her Pages dress'd as a Post, to deliver it to Sir *Thomas*, the Keeper of the Bower, and no other Hand, for such was the King's express Command; and when he had delivered it immediately to blow his Horn.

This cunning Divice took to her Wish, for the too credulous Knight, seeing as he thought only a Post-boy, and the Spy from the Turret, who watched the Roads, informing they were clear of any People, he came without the Gate, when immediately upon the Signal given those in Ambush rushed upon him, with them he fought valiantly, being seconded by his Guard; but after many were slain on both Sides, being over-power'd by Numbers, he was likewise slain himself. The Fight being over, and the Gates seized by her Party, the Queen came to the Palace, and getting the Silver Clew, she enter'd the Bower,

cau-

causing all her Servants she found to be slain, and in the furthest retirement in a Chamber gilded, she found the beauteous *Rosamond*, the Object of her hellish Spleen, all dazzling in robes of Silver, adorned with Gems, shining bright like an Angel; at which sight she sometime stood amazed, and began to melt into Pity; but her Jealousy soon reviving the Flame of Fury, with a stern Countenance, she said, 'Have I found thee, thou graceless Wretch! who by thy Lewdness hast shamefully taken my Husband from me? Come, lay aside your gaudy Trappings, and receive the reward due to such as commit Crimes like your's.'

Fair *Rosamond*, seeing the angry Queen before her, and hearing these dreadful Words, trembled from Head to Foot, when, rising from her Seat, she fell on her Knees before her, imploring Mercy and Pardon for her Offences, with a Flood of Tears, begging she would have Pity on her tender Years, and pardon a Crime she was constrained to act, and she would immediately cloi-

cloister herself in a Nunnery, and see the King no more ; or else abjure the Land : And if she had not deserved to live, yet she humbly besought her in Mercy and tender Compassion to the Infant that struggled in her Womb she might live, tho' in a Dungeon, till she was deliver'd, and then she would willingly submit to die so that it might be sav'd alive.

This last Request, which she concluded would move some Pity, the more incensed the enraged Queen : for hearing she was with Child, her Fury broke forth beyond all Moderation ; when, snatching up a golden Bowl which stood on the Table, she poured a Draught of deadly Poison into it, which she had brought with her, commanding her, laying all Excuses aside, to drink it up immediately ; at which when she trembled, and begged Mercy with Tears, the Queen pulled out a Dagger, and held it to her Breast, saying, *You Harlot, are you queesie stomach'd? If your dainly Pallate cannot relish Poison, see here, I have Steel for your paiting Breasts, to rid you out of the World.*

The

The poor sorrowful Lady perceiving there was no Remedy, but she must die, stood upon her Feet, and with abundance of Tears, and piteously wringing her Hands, begged Mercy of God for her youthful Sins and Failings, desiring that all stately Beauties might be warned by her sad Fall, not to be proud nor aspiring, but rather contended with a lowly safe Condition; and often calling for Mercy, she with her trembling Hand put the Bowl to her Mouth, and drank the Poison, which soon put an end to her Life; whom the queen caus'd to be buried privately with the rest that were slain, and so departed, rejoicing in the success her Revenge had had on her Rival, but little consider'd the misery it would pull on her own Head.

Other Historians of Great Credit relate the Circumstances of her Death in the following Manner: *Viz.* That the fair *Resamond*, sitting to take the Air, let fall out of her Lap a Clue of Silk, which running from her, the End of the Silk fastened to her Foot, and the Clue still unwinding, remain'd behind; which



which the Queen espying, follow'd,  
till she had found what she sought:  
It is generally said, That when the  
Queen came to *Rosamond*, she present-  
ed her with a Dagger, and a Cup of  
Poison, bidding her take her Choice,  
and she taking the latter, soon expir'd  
therewith. Others say, That when  
the *Queen* saw her, being amazed at  
her Beauty, she only upbraided her  
with her unlawful Familiarity with the  
King, and so left her: *Rosamond* tell-  
ing her, she would never be guilty of  
that Fault again. But *Rosamond* liv'd  
but a short time after, however that  
was, certain it is, That the *queen* had  
made her that Visit.

## C H A P. VIII.

*How the King returned, heard of Rosamond's Death, and the Lamentation he made, and the severe Revenge he took in putting many to Death, and imprisoning his Queen for her Life, building a famous Sepulchre for fair Rosamond, and soon after died himself, &c.*



**N**OT long after the untimely Death of fair *Rosamond*, the King who had many strange Dreams concerning her, return'd home Victorious; but no sooner had he Notice of her tragical

End

End, but this Joy was turn'd into Mourning, and in a kind of Distraction he rent his Royal Robes, shut himself up in his Chamber, and would suffer none to speak with him for many Days, often weeping and crying out, *O my Rosamond, my fairest Flower! How art thou blasted by a Cruel Death, and with thee all my Joys are faded and withered? O thy parting Tears presaged this sad Event that we should meet no more! O that I had staid to defend thee from this Ruin, tho' at the Loss of a Country, nay, to the Eclipsing my own Fame and Renown.*

When the King had a little eas'd his Grief, he summon'd his Judges, and commanded them to make a strict Enquiry after those that were guilty of these heinous Crimes, who fearing his high Displeasure, were so diligent therein that most of them were apprehended, tried and put to several the most cruel Deaths who in their Tortures accus'd the Queen, and laid the Blame on her, who was not able to bear out herself, for so fierce was the King's Indignation, that neither the Apology, Tears,

northe Intercession of the Nobles on her Behalf could appease his Wrath, but being a foreign Princess her Life was spared ; yet the King not only for ever renounced her, but confined her for his Life-time to a strict Imprisonment, commanded, if she died there, her Body should not be buried, but there moulder to Dust, nor would he forgive her at his own Death, for she out lived him, and was set at Liberty after his Decease by her Son *Richard*, who succeeded his Father, and considering the Hardship of Imprisonment from Experience, she by her own liberty, and the Intrest she had with her Son, for the most part set the Prison gates open, as well to Criminals as to Debtors.

King *Henry* having wreak'd his Vengeance on the murderers of his beloved *Rosamond*, caused her Body to be taken out of that obscure Grave, wherein the *Queen* had caused her to be laid, and buried her with all the Funeral Pomp imaginable, at *Godstow*, near to *Oxford*. Erecting to her Memory a stately Tomb on which was this Inscription :



Hic jacit in Tomba, Rosamundi, non Rosamunda  
Non redolet, quæ redolere solet.

In *English* thus

*Within this Tomb, lies the World's cheifest Rose;  
She who was sweet, will now offend your Nose.*



This was the End of fair *Rosamond*, who, had she not been led astray by King *Henry*, with the glittering Tinsel of Royalty, might have made a Wife worthy to the greatest Peer in *England*. Or if King *Henry* had been then a single Man, might as well have adorn'd the *English* Crown, as *Elizabeth* the Widow of Sir *John Grey*, who being courted as a Miss by King *Edward* the Fourth, plainly told him, That as she did not think herself Good enough to be his Wife, so she thought herself much too Good to be a Whore, either to him, or to the greatest Prince in *Christendom*: And this Oppositon of

her's to his lascivious Courtship inflam'd the King the more; as having seldom been refused by the Ladies of that Age, whom he solicited on the same Account: So that his Passion grew so high at last, that what he could not obtain unlawfully from her, he resolv'd to gain by the more lawful and honourable Way of Marriage; and accordingly made her his Queen, and afterwards Grand-mother to K. *Henry* the Eighth, and was great Grand-mother to the famous Maiden Queen of that Name. But the Case was otherwise with King *Henry* the Second, who was a married Man when he courted *Rosamond*, and therefore had she refused his unlawful Embraces, and been married to an *English* Nobleman, as she might have been, she had never been recorded to Posterity, as one of the Unfortunate Concubines of the Kings of *England*.

## Fair Rosamond.

A

S O N G on the D E A T H  
O F  
Fair R O S A M O N D.



I N Woodstock Bower, once grew a Fla-  
beloved of England's King. (Lover,  
The like for Scent, and sweet Content,  
did never in England spring:  
Her Cheeks were of the rosy Red;  
as fair as fair might be;  
Her seemly Front, and Ivory Brow,  
like Crystal was to see.

*Fair Rosamond, of Rose-like Hew,*  
*enticed so to Love,*  
*As caused Henry's Royal Heart*  
*the Joys thereof to prove :*  
*Lord Clifford's Daughter, fair and young,*  
*was now the only she,*  
*That lov'd, and was beloved again*  
*of his high Majesty.*  
*At Woodstock, in a Labyrinth*  
*of many Turnings round,*  
*Where only by a Clew of Thread*  
*the Lady must be found,*  
*And by no way but with the same,*  
*the which the King well knew,*  
*Which now and then for his delight,*  
*him to her Presence drew.*  
*Besides her Maidens, a false Knight*  
*attended on her there :*  
*With whom he likewise fell in Love,*  
*but durst not speak for Fear.*  
*At length, but with greyt Modesty,*  
*he couated her for Grace.*  
*But all in vain, it booted not,*  
*he lacked both Time and Place.*  
*Henry (quoth she) began with me*  
*to make my Thoughts unchaste,*  
*And none but he, and only he,*  
*my Body hath embrac'd :*  
*Then I will be as true and just,*  
*in this my wanton Sin,*  
*As ever Prince's Paramour ;*  
*per sist no more therein.*



The Knight dismiss her Presence thus,  
grew daily in great Fear,

That Henry at his Back return,  
should of his Purpose hear;

Therefore unto the Queen he hies,  
and told her of the same;

How she had but the Title given,  
and Rosamond the Gain.

Came I from France, Queen Dowager,  
(quoth she) to pay so dear,

For bringing him so great a Wealth,  
to be misused here?

Am I so Old or he so young  
to be a Wanton grown,

That for to have another's Bed,  
he will refuse his own.

Like Progne, seeking Philomel,  
she presently forth found

The Bower that lodg'd her Husband's Love,  
built bravely under Ground.

And enter'd into Rosamond,  
whom when the Queen did view

So bravely clad in rich Attire;  
to height her Malice grew.

No marvel (quoth the Queen) if oft  
the Court did miss the King,

When such a Load-stone as thou art,  
him to this Bower did bring.

Now trust me, were she not a Whore,  
or any Whore but his,

I would her pardon; but, in sooth,

Th I may not pardon this. E 5

Fair

*Fair Rosamond surprized thus,*  
*e'er ought she did suspect,*  
*Fell on her humble Knees, and did*  
*her Hands to Heaven erect:*  
*She blusht out Beauty, whilst with Tears*  
*did wash her lovely Face*  
*And begged Pardo for her Sin,*  
*in hopes to find some Grace.*  
 So far forth as it lay in me,  
 I did (*quoth she*) withstand;  
 But what may not so great a King  
 by Means or Force command?  
 And dar'st thou Minion (*said the Queen*)  
 thus Circumstance with me?  
 Nay, thou wer'st best to come to Court,  
 the King will welcome thee.  
*With that she dasht her on the Lips,*  
*so died with double Red;*  
*Hard was the Heart that gave the Stroke,*  
*soft were the Lips that bled:*  
*Then forc'd she her to swallow down,*  
*prepar'd for that intent,*  
*A poison'd Drink with quick dispatch*  
*and so away they went.*  
 The End of the History of Fair  
 R S A M O N D.

History of *Jane Shore*, &c.

## C H A P. I.

*Of the Parentage and Birth of Jane Shore  
how her early, but charming Beauty, cau-  
sed many to fall in Love with her, &c.*



**M**Rs. *Jane Shore*, the Wife of  
Mr. *Matthew Shore*, who was  
sometimes a Goldsmith, dwelling  
in *Lombard-street*) and was Concu-  
bine to *Edward th IVth*, King of Eng-  
land.

*land*, is so well known in History, that he must be a Stranger to our *English* Chronicles, who has not heard of her. And yet tho' she be mention'd in all, there are but few Histories (tho' never so bulky and voluminous) that have given a succinct and particular Account of her Life and Actions; which may make this History the more acceptable to those that are curious to enquire into it.

This lovely (tho' unhappy) Woman, at the shrine of whose Beauty so Mighty and Warlike a Monarch offer'd up his Devotions, was the Daughter of Mr. *Thomas Wainstead*, a wealthy and eminent Citizen of *London*, and one of the Worshipful Company of *Mercers*, who liv'd in *Cheapside*, not far from the Chapel belonging to that Company, where also Mrs. *Jane* was born; who was brought up with all that Tenderneſs, which an only Child commonly meets with from a loving and indulgent Father: Nor did she want for any Education which that Age afforded, and her Father was able to give, or she capable of receiving, Needle-work of all Sorts, with



with Musick and Dancing, were Accomplishments she might boast with any Citizen's Daughter in *London*, And being naturally Witty, and of an airy and facetious Temper, set all her Parts off to the best Advantage; and her Father indulging her natural Vanity with the costliest Garments, set off with the richest and most resplendent Jewels, she appear'd like another *Venus*, or rather out did her, being admir'd by all, as a consummate Beauty: For tho' her Attire was very rich and costly, yet her own native Beauty was enough to set her off: And therefore,

*The Wealth she wore about her seem'd to hide,  
Not to adorn her native Beauty's Pride:  
Bright Pearls and Jaspers of a various Dye,  
And Diamonds darkned by her brighter Eye;  
The Sapphire's Blue, by her more azure Veins,  
Hung not to boast, but to confess their stains:  
The blushing Rubies seem'd to lose their Dye,  
When her more Ruby Lips were moving by:  
It seem'd, so well become her all she wore,  
She had not robb'd at all the Creature's Store,  
But had been nature's self, there to have shew'd  
What she on creature's cou'd or had bestow'd:*

Nay,

*Nay, Jove himself wou'd revel in her Bower,  
 Were he to spend another Golden Shower;  
 In short, her Eyes shot such surprizing Rays,  
 She was esteem'd the Wonder of her Days.*

No wonder than her Father doated on her: And his Trade lying among the Court Ladies, he often carried his Daughter with him, to shew her the Pastimes that were frequently made there to divert the *Queen*, &c. which gave her an early Longing after a higher Sphere of Honour, than she had yet attained to, or her City breeding was likely to produce.

When she grew to the Age of Fifteen, her extraordinary Stock of Beauty, and charming Mien, caused many to fall in Love with her: And some great Lords fix'd their Eyes on her, to get her for a Mistress; which her Father perceiving, sent her privately to be with his Sister at *Northampton*; where she remained about a Year, till he supposed their Enquiry after her was over, and that she might safely return without any Hazard of being further tempted to Lewdness. Yet she was no sooner at Home, but a Plot

Plot was laid one Night to have her carried away in a Chariot by the Lord *Hastings*, (who after the Death of King *Edward*, took her for his Concubine, as will appear in the Close of this History.) But the Maid he had bribed with Gold to get her Abroad, repenting such Treachery to her Master in being instrumental to the Debauching his fair Daughter, gave timely Notice, by which Means it was prevented; and her Father plainly perceiving, unless he speedily took some prudent Course, her Beauty would be her Ruin. So true is what *Dryden* tells us.

*Beauty is seldom Fortunate, when Great ;  
A vast Estate, but over charg'd with Debt :  
Beauty like Ice, our Footing does betray ;  
Who can tread sure on the smoth slippery way ;  
Pleas'd with the Passage, we slide swiftly on,  
And see the Dangers which we cannot shun.  
Unpunish'd, thou to few were ever given ;  
Nor art a blessing, but a Mark from Heaven.*

And therefore he resolv'd to marry her, that so having surrender'd her Virginity, and being in the Arms of a Husband, those that before sought to crop her

her Virgin rose would not regard her, but give over the Pursuit.

And amongst those that courted, and earnestly sought her in Way of Marriage, was one *Mr. Matthew Shore*, a Goldsmith of eminent Note in *Lombardstreet*, whom her Father pitch'd on for a fit Husband, and acquainted his fair Daughter with his Intentions to marry her to him; but she always shewed a very great Aversion to it, alledging sometimes, the Disproportion of Years, he being about Thirty, and she but a little above Sixteen; and other times his being much disfigur'd with the Small Pox, and many other Exceptions she made: However, her Father's positive Commands, and the rich Presents her Love made her, won her Consent so far, as that she yielded to the Match; and so married they were in great Pomp, many of the Court, as well as those of the City being invited to the Wedding, which was kept with great Feasting many Days. Nor were the Wits of the Age wanting to present 'em with Epithalamiums, which  
were



were too numerous to insert; let it suffice to give you one.

*Call to the Bridegroom to the Bride,  
Deck'd in all her Beauty's Pride :  
May all the Pleasures, all the Sweets,  
That attend the genial Sheets :  
Hymen's Chains and loving Bands,  
Be now resign'd into your Hands.  
May soft Joys, now you're wed,  
Be the Curtains for your Bed.  
May fair Honour and Delight  
Crown your Day, and Bless your Night  
May you oft repeated kisses  
Turn to both your happy Blissess.  
And the warm Embrace of Love,  
Be soft as Venus's Dove.*

*Methought I saw them kindle to Desire,  
While with soft sighs they Blew the Fire :  
Saw the Approaches of their Joy,  
He grew more fire and she Less coy.  
Saw how they mingled melting Rays,  
Exchanging Love a thousand Ways :  
kind was the Force on ev'ry side,  
Her new Desire she cou'd not hide,  
Nor wou'd the Bridegroom be deny'd ;  
Till she transported in his Arms,  
Yield to the Conq'rour all her Charms :  
His panting Breast to her's joyw'd,  
They Feast on Raptures unconfin'd,  
And mingle Souls to that degree,  
They melt into an Extasy ;*

*And*

*And like the Phoenix, both expire,  
While from the Ashes of the Fire,  
Spring up a new and soft Desire.  
Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke  
Love's Pow'rs, and thrice new Vigour took.*

## C H A P. II.

*How the Lord Hastings made Suit to her  
to be his Mistress, with the Repulse  
she gave him : And how he praised her  
so much to King Edward, that the  
King went disguised to see her, &c.*



**T**H E new Bridegroom having enjoyed his charming Bide, grew extreemly fond of her, even to Doating, which

which as it usually happens with married Women, sickned and paul'd her Love towards him; and seem'd to say like *Oldan*,

*I hate Fruition, now 'tis past;  
'Tis all but Nastiness at best:  
The homeliest Thing that we can do;  
Besides, 'tis short and fleeting too:  
A Squirt of slippery Delight,  
That in a Moment takes its Flight:  
A fulsome Bliss, that soon does cloy,  
And makes us loath what we enjoy.*

Which he perceiving, and to wind himself, as he thought, the more into her Affections, he cloath'd her very richly, and adorned her with Jewels, denying her nothing that she desired, or he concluded could tend to her Delight and Satisfaction: So that she always appeared Abroad, and in her Shop like a Terrestrial Angel, which glorious Sight brought Custom to her Husband's Shop, and allured many to come to lay out their Moner, who otherwise would not have done it. Nor was it it long e're the

Lord

Lord *Hastings* had the unwelcome news brought to him, that his fair *Jane* was married; which however made him not gave over his Purpose of enjoying her; so that often he resorted to see her, treating her at Home, and her Husband Abroad; often inviting them both to the Court; and took his Oportunity to pour out his amorous Discourse to the Wife, labouring by many fair Words and Devices to seduce her to transgress her Nuptial Vows in defiling her Marriage-bed; but in vain, for being very Witty, and of a jovial and merry Temper, she so baffled him with her quick and sharp Replies, that he cou'd not tell which way to take her, for when he often suppos'd she was the nearest yielding to comply with his Desires, he found her the furthest from it; insomuch that when one time intending to try his utmost Effort, he had thrown her on a Bed in the Room, when they were privately together in her House, she got from him, and run to her Husband telling him plainly how rude the Lord *Hastings* had been; which angering the good



good Man, he modestly rebuked him ; for bidding him his House, and his Wife's Conversation ; which made him fling away in a great Heat, resolving in Revenge to raise up such a Rival to *Shore*, that neither his Authority, nor his Wife's Chastity should be able to withstand.

This Lord *Hastings* being Chamberlain to King *Edward* the Fourth, and a great Favourite, having frequently his Ear, and finding he was much inclin'd to fair Women, tho' he was married to the Lady *Elizabeth Grey*, took an Opportunity to sound in his Ears the Fame of *Jane Shore's* incomparable Beauty, extolling the Quickness of her Wit, and the Facetiousness of her Humour, much above that of her excellent Features ; which made the King, who was extreamly Wanton and Amorous (his Wars being now entirely ended with the House of *Lancaster*, and he securely settled on his Throne without a Rival) to give great Attention to *Hastings's* Discourse of this beautiful Shop-keeper ; resolving, by putting himself into a disguise to have a View of this surprizing Beauty

ty himself that his own Eyes might be a Witness of the Truth of what *Hastings* had related to him.

The King, whose Thoughts still run on his new-intended Mistress; (and was in love already with the Idea he had fram'd of her in his own Imagination) delay'd not long to pay her a Visit; and in order to it, attired himself like a Merchant, and then withdrew privately from the Court, only attended with a Page: and coming into *Shore's* Shop, then the richest in *Lombard-street*, he found Mr *Shore* (her Husband) attending the Business of his Shop, and very busy in his own affairs; and so for a little while, tarrying till he was at Leisure, he desir'd to see some Plate, which was presently shewed him, and under Pretence of carrying it with him beyond the Seas, soon agreed for a considerable Quantity. But the main Commodity our disguis'd Merchant wanted, was still behind, for the charming Wife kept all this while *incognito*, it being not her Hour to come down into the Shop: which made him very uneasy, delaying  
time

time with talking of several Matters transacted in *England*, and beyond the Seas where he said he had travelled; for, being a Prince of great Learning, and of a ready Wit, he never wanted a Theme to enlarge upon, but could discourse of most Countries, and the Trade or Commerce held with them; which much delighted *Shore*, so that he ordered his Man to fetch up a Bottle of his best Wine, and had him to his withdrawing-Room, where they drank merrily; the good Man beginning a Health to the King, in which the King you may be sure pledg'd him heartily; and when some other Healths had passed, Well, said the supposed Merchant, I see you have a good Shop well stor'd with rich Commodities, and a fine House well furnished, at least by what I have seen: But methinks the chiefest Thing of all is wanting still; and which in my Judgment is so material, that I wonder such a Man as you can be without it, Pray what's that, Sir, said Mr. *Shore*? A good Wife, reply'd the Royal Merchant, to be the Mistress of so fair a Mansion; For I dare say

say that you deserve, and I believe I can help you to one that is both young and beautiful, rich, and of a very agreeable and facetious Temper; which in a married State are Qualifications very desirable, and that greatly contribute to the Happiness of a Man's Life.' "I am of your Opinion, Sir, answer'd Mr. Shore; and therefore think myself not a little happy, that I am blest'd with a Wife every Way so accomplish'd; however, Sir, I am nevertheless oblig'd to you for your kind Offer. But, tho' I say it, continued he, I have a Wife that is hardly to be parallel'd, in whom all Beauties and Graces meet, and yet she is as virtuous as fair.' "I grant, replied the love-sick Merchant, you are very happy in having such a Jewel. But, Sir, continu'd he, may not I see this Wonder of the World (for such she doubtless is, that is so divinely accomplish'd) that I may make her a small Present, to shew the Homage that I pay to Virtue?" "Yes Sir, replies the Goldsmith, she shall



be at your Service presently' And there  
upon ordered one of his Servants to tell  
her that he'd speak with her imme-  
diately. And *thereupon* she came into the  
back Room to him, attir'd in a Sky-co-  
lour'd Mourning gown, flower'd with  
Gold, and embroider'd with Pearls  
and Spangles, her Head Attire being  
curious Lace, under which her bright  
Hair flow'd, wantoning with the  
sporting Air, and her Blushes upon  
her Approach made her yet more  
lovely to behold. The King no  
sooner saw the Object of his Heart's  
Desire, but he stept forth and sa-  
luted her soft Coral Lips, impres-  
sing on them many balmy Kisses;  
and so by her Husband's Desire she sat  
down, and the King drank to her,  
she pledg'd him, and pass'd it to her  
Husband: And much pleasant Dis-  
course pass'd, by which the King per-  
ceiv'd her not only of a merry free  
Temper, but also exceeding Witty,  
which delighted him as much as her Beau-  
ty, and made him resolve at any Rate he  
would enjoy her; and so presenting her  
F with

some curious Things which she modestly refused, as Presents too great for a Stranger, till her Husband desir'd her not to slight the Gentleman's Civility; the King pulling out his Gold, and paying for his plate, which *Shore* would have sent Home, but he refused it; ordering his page to carry it; and with many sweet Kisses and some amorous Whispers, he took Leave at that Time of the charming fair One.

Well of his Gold might he be lavish here,  
 For Beauty never could be bought too dear:  
 For Plate he paid his Gold, but fix'd his Eyes  
 Upon a Treasure he far more did prize.  
 And yet what'er he sent away we find  
 He left his chiefest Jewel still behind.  
 Yet he the best Way took, when all is done,  
 For 'tis by Gold the greatest Beauty's won:  
 And tho' as yet, he had no Conquest made,  
 She to his Arms soon after was betray'd.

## C H A P. III.

*How she warned her husband of the danger ; How Mrs. Blague solicited the King's Love to her, carrying her to Court, where, upon dancing with the king in a Mask, he put a Letter into her Hand, and discover'd who he was that had courted her in Disguise.*



**T**He King was no sooner departed, but the beauteous Mrs. Shore asked her Husband if he was acquainted with this Gentleman, that had been so liberal to her ; and desired to know who he was ? Her Husband answer'd, That he never saw him before, but that

he told him he was a Merchant, but he knew him not : Ah, *said his Wife*, and shook her Head, (who having a more discerning Eye than her Husband, saw something in his Eyes and Mien that was not common.) *My Dear*, his airy Countenance, and graceful Carriage, shews him to be something more : I rather take him for some great Lord in Disguise, that will prove troublesome to me upon the Account of requiring my Love, as some before have done ; therefore, sweet Husband, let me beg of you, as you tender my Chastity, and your own Quiet, if he comes again, as I believe he will, and ask for me, that you do not let him know I am at Home, but rather tell him that I am sick, and gone into the Country ; or any thing you think most probable to put him off, that he may come no more.

The good Man was highly pleased with his Wife's Virtue and Prudence in this Matter ; and promised to do what she requir'd. She was also giving him some further Cautions to be us'd to



such kind of Customers, but People coming in about Business, retired.

The King being gone back to the Court, where he had been missed, and much enquired for, soon changed his Apparel, and came amongst his Nobles, with a very chearful Countenance; and though others were ignorant, *Hastings* well perceived where he had been, and the Satisfaction he had receiv'd; and no sooner were they in private, but the King said, 'Well, *Hastings*, I perceive thou hast good Judgment in fine Women: I have seen *Shore's* Wife, and she exceeds the Praises that you gave her, though I then thought them very lavish. I like her so well, that come what will, I must enjoy her, though I have made but a little Progress in my Love: But the great thing that lies before me now, is to have your Advice how I shall bring my Purpose to an Issue: To court her in her Husband's Presence, as a private Person, I shall be served as you were; and then to do it as a King, will look too low for me; to force her from his

Arms I will not, for it would cause a Murmuring among my Subjects, who would fear the like by their Wives or Daughters; but I must have her, and with her own Consent, for Love constrained, carries no pleasure nor Charms in it; therefore how this last may be attained, do you devise.'

The Lord *Hastings* no sooner heard what the King determined last, but smiling said, 'Take no great Care, for this shall be easy to your Highness; there is one Mrs. *Blague*, your Laced woman, has a House near to *Shore's*, and is very intimate with his fair Wife, and thither she often resorts to pass the Evenings away; this person is a Woman of infinite Intreague, and of so damn'd and covetous a Temper, that a purse of Gold would win her to do any Thing; nay, even to debauch her own Daughter: I dare promise she will quickly find out Ways and Means to bring her to your Lute; I will engage her, if your Highness so pleases, in this Matter; for there is no Spring so sure a Taker in Love-Affairs as to set

one Woman to wheedle and betray another.' The King liked this Device; and it was agreed that he should see her at Mrs. *Blague's* House, and have Freedom to court her; but she should not know he was the King, till he was pleased it should be discover'd.

The Lord *Hastings* was not slow in promoting his Master's Happiness, who had so highly favour'd him, but soon with Gifts and large Promises made the covetous Lace-woman pliable, to do in this Affair, whatever was desired; so that many Meetings were had at her House, and splendid Treats made; the King still coming as her Friend in Disguise, but although she left the lovely *Jane* sometimes on purpose alone with him, and retired, and he courted her with all his Rhetorick, yet she appeared averse to yield to his Love, often blaming him sharply, for proposing such an immodest Thing to her, as to defile her Marriage-bed; and when he took his Leave, she very much chid Mrs. *Blague* for suffering so rude and so debauch'd a Gentleman to come into her House,

Houſe, telling her the Deſign he had upon her Charity; who ſeem'd to wonder at it, as all together ignorant, proteſting ſhe had not thought it in him, but intreated her to be at Eaſe, and make no words of it, for ſhe would ſuffer him to come there no more: This pacified her; but the plot being further laid for her Ruin: in *Chriſtmas* time ſhe got Leave of Mr. *Shore* that his Wife ſhould accompany her to the Court, to ſee the Balls and Masks there, which he conſented to, with ſome Unwillingneſs, and being introduced, after many had danced to the melodious Muſick, one Man of a comely Port enter'd, ſhining in Gold and Jewels, with a Mask on; upon which Mrs. *Shore* heard the Ladies whiſper, *That's the King*; who looking round through his Mask, fixed his Eyes on her, and immediately ſtepped to her Seat, and took her out to Dance with him; at which ſhe bluſhed and trembled, but being in a ſtrange Place, not to be unmannerly, ſhe complied, and performed her Part to Admiration; which ended, taking her to a

Side-



Side-light, pulling off his Mask to salute her, she to her great Amazement, perceived it was the same Man, who had entertained her at her Shop, and at Mrs. *Blague's* House ; when putting a Letter into her Hand, he retired. And she in much Confusion, coming to Mrs. *Blague*, intreated her she would go home ; who having effected what she came for, willingly consented ; and as she return'd, plainly told her, that Man was the King, and deeply in Love with her ; when reading the Letter, they found no more in it then this :

Fairest of Women !

**T**He Fame of your charming Beauty made me put on the disguise of a merchant, to get a Sight of you ; and the Sight of you has put my Heart into such a Flame, that nothing but enjoying you will ever be to able quench it. It is your King that is your Suppliant, and begs you would be kind to him : He that can command, is willing to entreat, and therefore, surely you will not prove inexorable, and if you will take pity on your King send one kind Letter

to him, which he'll receive with greater Joy than if another Crown was offered him. For he esteems your Beauty and good Humour far above all the shining Ladies of the Court. And further does assure you, that whatsoever you shall lose for his sake, shall be made up to you with Advantage, by

Edward, Rex.

When she had read this Letter, she was much disturbed; and could not forbear, saying, 'Ah! Mrs. *Blague*, I could not have believed, that you would have brought me into such a Premunire, as now you see I am in: To which Mrs. *Blague* very pertly answered, 'I see no Premunire at all, it is an Honour to be beloved by a King? And does he not promise you, That whatever you shall lose for his Sake, shall be made up to you with Advantage? And then where can be the Damage?' 'You talk very strangely, reply'd Mrs. *Shore*; Does he not design the robbing me of my Chastity

Chastity? And can any Thing be a Compensation for the Loss of one's Virtue? When that is once gone, it cannot be made good again: For that is a Jewel which when once sullied, can never be restored to its first native Brightness.' 'Marry, says Mrs. Blague, I think you make a great deal to do more than needs; if he would accept of me in your Room, I should be very glad to take your Place. They say the Crown takes away all Stains; and I do not know why the Love of a King should not take away all Reproach from the Person belov'd. And therefore pray be advis'd to write a kind Letter to the King; come, he'll take it well.' 'I will advise with my Pillow, said she; and so went Home.

## C H A P. IV.

*How, by the Perswasion of Mrs. Blague, she writ a Letter to the King, and afterwards comply'd with the King's Desire, and suffered him to enjoy her privately; going from her Husband under Pretence of seeing her Mother, &c.*



**A**LL the Night following Mrs. Shore grew restless and uneasy; her Husband enquired the Cause, but could not learn it, though he found in the Morning some Tears had bedewed her fair Cheeks; as soon as she was up; she went to Mrs. Blague, to consult what



what she must do in this Straight, as well-knowing the King's Humour, that he never spared any Woman in his Lust, nor Man in his Anger; and therefore if she complied not, he would compel her to his Bed; and then perhaps, for her Sullenness in not freely yielding, he having satisfied his Appetite, might punish her, and make her a Publick Shame, to the Ruin of herself and Relations.

Mrs. *Blague* seeing her thus pensive and doubtful, with a betraying Smile, said, *Come, come, my dear Jane, you must be no longer coy, nor deny the King his Request; a Royal Mistress stands so high, that no Figure dare, point at her, or Tongue revile her: You will glitter so near a Throne, and enjoy so gallant a Bedfellow that I'll warrant, my Child, you will never have cause to repent of leaving a dull Husband for so advantageous a Change. I find he is resolv'd to have you for a Mistress; and therefore its best for you willingly to submit to be so highly exalted; which will be very pleasing to him*

him. And therefore pray write him a kind Letter presently. Which, at Mrs. Blague's Persuasion, she did in these Words:

**I** Was much surpriz'd at the Content of your Letter, and am altogether ignorant of my putting your Heart into such a Flame as you speak of. But if it should be so, it was a Sin of Ignorance, and I am willing to do any Pennance for committing it: Tho' I believe you may have a more suitable remedy nearer hand, some of those shining Ladies that you mention in your letter being far more capable of quenching that Flame, than, may it please your Highness,

Your most dutiful

Subject and Servant,

*Jane Shore.*

Mrs. Blauge said this Letter was not kind enough, but Mrs. Shore wou'd not alter it. Mrs. Blague then went with it to the King and gave him an Account

of her Proceedings with Mrs. *Shore*, and what she had brought her to. And then told the King, That if he would please to send his Chariot the next Night, she would bring her to his Arms. The King commended and rewarded her, and promis'd his Chariot should be ready for her. Mrs. *Blague* came back, and tells Mrs. *Shore*, the King would take no Denial, but would send his Chariot for her to Morrow Night.

At this Discourse, Mrs. *Shore* trembled ; yet considering from the many Attempts her Beauty had caus'd, it was not made to be enjoy'd by one ; and having an ambitious Mind in a fatal Hour, the Counsel of Mrs. *Blague* prevailed ; And it was agreed that very Night she should take her best Apparel and Jewels, and put herself into the King's kind Arms, without any more Formality, or ceremonious Denials.

This Being concluded, Mrs. *Blague* immediately sent the King Notice of her Success who was not slow at the appointed Time to send his Chariot for them : And in the mean while her  
Cloaths

Cloaths were convey'd to Mrs. *Blague's*. However, she supp'd with her Husband, kindly kiss'd him, and dropt some Tears, when on a sudden, one came of a feign'd Errand, to tell her, her Mother was taken ill, and must needs speak with her; he would have gone with her, but she put it off; and so giving him the last Kiss he ever receiv'd from her fair Lips, with Tears in her Eyes, she left him; and coming where the Chariot stood ready, having put on her glorious Apparel, she and Mrs. *Blague* got into it, and were convey'd to the King's secret Apartment, where they found him in his Closet; he rais'd his Mistress, who upon her Approach kneel'd, kindly kiss'd her, and welcom'd her with many Varieties; but it being late, and Mrs. *Blague* having deliver'd up this Treasure of Beauty into her Monarch's arms, left them in the Temple of *Venus* to enjoy those mutual Bliss'es they had been so long pursuing.—

*But, O the Raptures of that Night !  
What fierce Convulsions of Delight !*

*How*



*How in each others Arms involv'd,  
They lay confounded and dissolv'd!  
Bodies mingled, Sexes blending,  
Which shou'd most be contending:  
Darting fierce and flaming Kisses,  
Plunging into boundless Blissess.*

*Shore at the first was coy, and hard to win,  
With artful Courting play'd the modest Part;  
But soon as once she had engag'd i'th' in Sin,  
O how she hugg'd the charming tingling Dart!  
And then cry'd, Nearer nearer to my Heart,  
For you are Sovereign now all within.*

But let me not envy her, nor her  
present Joys, but prosecute her Story;  
and we shall quickly see at what a  
dear Rate she purchas'd them.

## C H A P. V.

*Mr. Shore's Uneasiness at his Wife's tarrying out: He and her Parents make a particular, tho' fruitless Search after her; and giving her over for lost, they mourn and lament.*



**W**Hat Pleasure soever Mrs. Shore took in the King's unlawful Embraces, yet her Husband sat at home full of Sorrow; wondering what extraordinary accident had detain'd her beyond her usual Hour; or, what unforeseen Adventure she had met withal. At last he went to her Mother's, to see what

what the Matter was she staid so long, but was extreamly surpriz'd to find she had not been there all the Day; nor was her Mother ill, nor had she sent for her, as Mrs. Shore pretended. This put him to so great a Nonplus, that he knew not what to think, nor cou'd he in the least imagine what should become of her. A Thousand strange Imaginations crouded into his Head, and thrust out one another: Sometimes he thought that Mischief had befallen her; and then began with better lamentations to lament her dismal and unhappyy Fate. But then, because she made such a false Story as an excuse to go Abroad, he thought there must be something in it of Design, which was not good: And then his Head began to Ach, and he imagin'd that he felt some Buddings out of Horns already in his Forehead: But then remembering her modest and her chaste Deportment, he check'd himself for lettting such a Thought harbour one Moment in his troubled Breast. No, no, said he, dear Jane, I know not how to think one Thought of thee that is not good;

good; *Virtue herself may sooner go astray, than I can think thou in a Thought can'st err. Forgive me therefore that I but suspect thee; it is a Fault I know not how to expiate: Were I but half so sure that thou art Well, as that thou'rt good, religious, chaste and virtuous, I should then be the happiest Man alive. Wheresoe'er thou art, I ne'er shall rest until I have thee circled in my Arms. I am afraid, that to avoid Temptations, thou hast withdrawn thyself into a Nunnery, there to give up thyself to thy Devotions, because the world w'nt worthy of thy Company: Yes, yes, cry'd he, just like a Man distracted, I know it must be so, thou could'st not else be absent from thy Husband a Moment. But be thou where thou wilt, I'll find thee out and when I have found thee, we'd ne'er part again.*

Thus the poor Man pass'd the sad Night away; whilst her Relations were as much concern'd as he: Her Father and her Mother were afraid some Violence might have been offer'd to her; her matchless Beauty having oft attracted the Eyes and Hearts of those that gaz'd upon her. There was not one  
they



they knew she was acquainted with, but they went thither, hoping they might find her; and Mrs. *Blague* among the rest was visited, to know if she cou'd tell what was become of her. But the dissembling Hag protested solemnly she had not seen her for two Days before, and shed some Tears, to make her Friends believe how much she was concern'd that she was missing.

But after all their Search had been in vain, and they could hear no Tydings of their Daughter, they seemed to be even swallow'd up with Grief, especially when they beheld their Son-in-law inconsolable; Alas, *said they*, What Sorrow's like to this, to have our only Child thus strangely lost, we know not how nor where? Death would have been by far much more elligible; we should have then known what became of her but we are left to uncertain Gueffes: Ah! dearest Child, who knows what thou sufferest, because thou'lt not comply to satisfy the Lust of barbarous Ravishers.

O that we ne'er had liv'd to see this Day,  
Or that thou ne'er hadst thus been snatch'd away.

Thus

Thus did her wretched parents echo each others Griefs in Lamentations because they knew not what could become of her.

### C H A P. VI.

*How her Husband and her Parents came to know that Jane Shore was with the King in the Quality of his Concubine; And how, for very Grief and Shame, her Husband sold off all he had, and went beyond Sea; with an Account of his Return into England many Years afterwards, and his Tragical End.*



**I**T was now almost a Week that Mrs. Shore had been conceal'd at Court, (and

(and was in the mean time given over for lost by her Husband and her Parents) when the news of her being the King's Concubine, had taken Air, and made a great Noise in the City ; and too soon arriv'd to her poor Husband's and her Relations Ears : For they had both much rather never heard of her at all, and that she had been lost for ever, than to have found her there, Had she been took away by any else, there had been hopes of getting her again. But now she was in such a Palace, that 'twas above their Reach to take her thence. They knew the King was violent in all his Passions ; especially his Love and his Ambition ; and more especially the first ; of which there could not be a greater Instance, then in his marrying of the Queen ; for tho' he had sent *Nevil*, the great Earl of *Warwick*, (that made and unmade Kings at his own Pleasure into *France*, there to purpose a Match betwixt him and the Lady *Bona*, the *French* King's Daughter, which was agreed to, and concludeed, almost as soon as 'twas propos'd ; yet having in the mean time

seen

seen and lik'd the Widow of Sir *John Gray*, (who was slain in the Battle of *St. Alban's*, as he was fighting for K. *Edward's* Rival, *Henry VI*) and not being able to obtain Enjoyment on any other Terms than that of Marriage; he took her for his Queen, and married her; and rather chose to disoblige his best and greatest Friends, and run the Hazard of the Crown itself, then to deny himself the Satisfaction of having her whom he had such a Fancy for: And therefore they consider'd how dangerous a Thing 'twould be for them to shew the least Resentment, tho' for so great an Injury, as that of ravishing a Wife and Daughter from them. And that which was more grievous to 'em yet, they found that she herself was pleas'd with what she'd done; in making such a voluntary Elopement from her Husband. And seeing she had thus lost all her Virtue, what was there in her now worth the regarding? The Thoughts of this so troubled her poor afflicted Husband, who so much doated on her Vertue, that Shame and

Grief



Grief confounded him; he scarce knew what he either said or did; nor would he see, or yet be seen of any, if he at all could help it: He thought each Man that saw him pointed at him; nor could one lift a Finger up before him, but he straight thought that they made Horns at him. All Day he'd shut himself up in his Chamber, and sigh'd away his melancholy Hours, and curse the time he e'er saw *Wainstead's* Daughter. But when at last he found a Means to send to his false Wife, and saw she slighted him, and would not once vouchsafe to come and see him, nor suffer him to come and see her there, he e'en resolved to go abroad and travel; and if he could forget he e'er had seen her. And therefore selling of his Goods and Household-stuff, and turning all his Plate into Broad Gold (for then there was no Guineas) he left this hated Land of his Nativity, and took a Tour to *Flanders*, *France* and *Spain*, thence to *Morocco*, and from thence to *Turkey*; finding, as he imagin'd, far more Kindness amongst the *Turks* and *Infidels*, than he had

G

found

found in *England*: And 'twas not without Reason that he thought so, as the Sequel made it good: For, after a long Tract of Time, and travelling from one Place to another, had cur'd him of his Melancholy, and eas'd him of his Money, he turned back again to *London*; King *Henry* the Seventh having then sway'd the Scepter many Years; and his Wife having miserable perish'd long before, and the Remembrance of her almost quite forgotten, so that he now became as great a stranger here, as he had been before in foreign Parts. Here therefore he resolv'd again to settle, and privately to work at his own Calling; but having been us'd to live high, and his Pockets being now grown low, his Work would not recruit him fast enough; he therefore thought upon speedier Way, which was to file and clip off Gold from those broad Pieces which went then in Current Payment; but he made more Hast than good Speed, for being taken in the Fact, he was committed to Prison: and afterward try'd and executed for the same at Tyburn

burn; where he concluded his Tragedy. And tho' this unfortunate Man justly suffer'd the Law, in the Reign of King *Henry* the Seventh, yet it may without any Injustice be said, That he was murder'd by King *Edward* the Fourth, who by enticing away his Wife brought inevitable Ruin and Destruction on him and his Family, And thus we find there is a Tide in the Affairs of Men; which when at the Flood lead on to Fortune; but if that be neglected, all the long Voyage of their following Life, they are bound in Shallows and in Miseries.

*Since ev'ry Man who lives is born to die,  
And none can boast sincere Felicity;  
With equal Mind let us what happen fear,  
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for Things beyond our Care.  
Like Pilgrims to the appointed place we tend,  
The World's an Inn, and Death's the Journey's End.*

But now 'tis high time to look after his Wife, and see what became of her.

## C H A P. VII.

*How Jane Shore liv'd in great Splendor  
at Court, during the Reign of Edward  
the Fourth.*



**T**Here is nothing so bewitching,  
and so apt to draw away our  
Hearts and Affections from the Consi-  
deration of Eternity, and the Things of  
another Life, as the Pomp and Vanities  
of this present World; The Splendor of  
King *Edward's* Court, and the great Fi-  
gure she made there, by means of the  
extraordinary Countenance and Favour  
which



which Kind *Edward* shew'd her, with the Crouds of Petitioners and Flatterers wherewith she was always attended, made her forget her disconsolate Husband, and the Sighs and Tears of her Parents, who would have rather seen her Virtuous than Great: 'Tis true, she never abus'd the Power she had with the King to the Prejudice of any, and was always a Friend to the Poor, and to those that were in Affliction and Distress; and was so ready to do good, that when his Courtiers durst not interceed for such as lay under the King's Displeasure, she with her ready Wit and merry Humour, would so abate his Anger, that she oft-times has sav'd the Lives both of the Rich and Poor, and would always be a Shelter to those who were oppress'd by the exorbitant Power of them that were Great: She was easy of Access to the Poor, and so far from a mercenary Spirit, that she never sold her Favour, but would freely do any Kindness that lay in her Power for any; righting many that were wrong'd, but never wronging or oppressing

pressing any ; which made her generally belov'd by the common People. And often when the King had been offended with his Officers and Servants, she by her witty and facetious Carriage with the King, would oft drive the Storm which otherwise would have power'd down upon 'em. So that her very Enemies would say, *'Twas pity that she was a Whore* ; and that she was indeed ; that was the Stain that clouded all her Glory, and blemish'd all the Goodness which she had, or Good she did, and sapp'd the Foundation of her Happiness : And yet methinks I can't but grieve to think her Life should at the last be clos'd by such a sad Catastrophe : For when she went on Progress with the King, she frequently would send for all the Poor, and still proportion her Relief to their Necessities ; Nor would she only by herself relieve 'em : but if she knew of any that with the King, expected some good Offices from her on that Account, altho' she herself was never Mercenary, yet she would put 'em upon being charitable to the Poor, and if they did expect  
Kind-

Kindness from her, they should be good to them. And this indeed was very generous in her.

But notwithstanding all her Charity and goodness, she was not without Enemies at Court; for there were Ladies there that envy'd her Favour with the King, and were not willing it should be engross'd so much by her, that they could have no Share in't; and therefore oftentimes would rally her, but still were baffl'd in their vain Attempts: For she had always such a pregnant Wit, and was so ready at her Repartees, that they could never get the better of her. And tho' King *Edward* had another Mistress before her, which he still kept, namely the lady *Beesley*, yet *Shore* had always the Ascendant of her. *Beesley* pretended hugely to Religion (which sits but very awkward on a Whore) but *Shore* was always mighty brisk and merry; which made King *Edward* often joking say, *I have two Mistresses of very different Tempers, one is the most religious, and the other the most merry of any one in England, and I*

must needs say, *Shore* was in the right on't; for *Beesley* wou'd ha' done much better, either to have left her Whoring off, or laid by her Religion; because them two seldom agree together. And I believe King *Edward* thought so too, and therefore *Shore* had still the chiefest Place in his Affection; which always made her have such Crowds of Visitors, both at her Chamber-Door, when in the Court; and at her Chariot side, whene'er she rid Abroad; whose Suits she still preferr'd according to the utmost of her Power, respecting the Justice of their Cause. And here it will not be amiss to mention (for a Reason you shall know anon) how kind she was to Mrs. *Blague*, for whom she had procured of the King a stately House and Mannor of 100 *l.* a Year. But how well she did deserve it, we may hear hereafter. In a Word, we cannot do Justice to Mrs. *Jane Shore*, without granting that she was of a free, generous, and grateful Temper; and that she improv'd her Interest with the King, for the Benefit of all that stood in need of



of it, and to the Prejudice of none but those that sought to oppress and tyrannize over their Neighbours, for before she espous'd any Cause, she examin'd the Matter, and always took the justest Side.

Thus liv'd *Jane Shore* for some Years in the midst of earthly Delights, and Worldly Grandeur. But, alas! there's nothing stable nor fix'd under the Sun: Kings, tho' they are earthly Gods must die like Men; for they are made of the same mouldering Clay with other Mortals; of which King *Edward* was to *Jane Shore* too sad an Instance: For he dying at *Westminster*, in the fortieth Year of his Age, and twenty third of his Reign, was buried at *Windsor* in a Chapel of his own Founding; leaving behind him two young Princes; to wit, *Edward* the Fifth, King of *England*, though never crown'd; and *Richard* Duke of *York* his Brother, and five Daughters.

King *Edward* being dead, the Lord *Hastings* sent and took *Jane Shore* (whom he courted before King *Edward* knew her to his own Bed, keeping her at his

Concubine. And *Shore* thought it (after the King's Death) the greatest Honour she could then aspire to; besides, she thought that Lord would be a Shelter to her, for the Anger of the Queen, and of other Ladies at the Court, who bore no great Affection to her in King *Edward's* Days, because she engros'd so much of his Favour. But the Lord *Hastings* was so far from being able to protect *Jane Shore*, that he could not long protect himself: For crook-back *Richard*, Duke of *Gloucester*, Brother to the Deceas'd King, having laid a wicked design to put the Crown upon his own Head, and to destroy his own Nephews; endeavour'd to bring in as many of the Nobility to his Party as he could, and the Lord *Hastings* being one that had a great Influence at Court, having been in high Favour with king *Edward* the Fourth, and Lord Chamberlain to the young King, the Duke had a great Mind to bring him over to his Party: But fearing to disclose his Mind openly to him, he made large Promises, and gave great Rewards to

one

one *Catesby*, a Favourite of the Lord *Hastings*, by secret and dark Discourses to sound him, and if possible to bring him over to his Side. This *Catesby* undertook to do; and finding (after he had done all that he could) that the Lord *Hastings* was no way inclinable to favour *Gloucester's* Design, he told him of it, and tho' he had been maintain'd by the Lord *Hastings*, and his Fortune rais'd to what it was by him, yet he prov'd so base and treacherous to him, that he encourag'd *Gloucester* to remove *Hastings* out of the World, if ever he intended to compass his Design. This being resolved upon by them two, he call'd a Grand Council of Lords at the *Tower*, to consider of suitable Preparations for the Coronation; and when they had set a considerable time, he came in and took his Chair, Jestling with some of them, and excusing his too long Stay: requesting of Dr. *Morton* Bishop of *Ely*, some Strawberries that grew in his Garden at *Holborn*; which he immediately sent for; and took it as a Favour that the Protector was so kind

to him, and to put it into his Power to oblige him in any thing, for there had been formerly no good Understanding between them two. Then taking some Excuse for a short Absence, he desired them to proceed in the Method propos'd. And about an Hour after, he came in again, and took his Chair, but with a Countenance full of Anger and Resentment, frowning, biting his Lip, and knitting his Brows, and shewing all the Signs of one in an extraordinary Passion; which strangely amaz'd all the Council, so that they kept a profound Silence; which the Protector (for so had the Duke of Gloucester lately been made) perceiving, demanded what Punishment they deserved who had wickedly procured his Destruction, he being Uncle to, and Protector of the King? This Question amaz'd them more than before; but all knowing themselves innocent of any such Intention, the Lord *Hastings*, who by reason of the antient Friendship that had been between them, thought he might be the bolder, reply'd, *My Lord, such as have so transgressed*



*gressed, deserve the severest Punishment the Law can inflict, to which the other Lords assented. Then, said the Protector, that Sorcerers (meaning the Queen) and Jane Shore have conspir'd by Witchcraft to destroy me: And then drawing up his Sleeve, he shew'd his Arm, which had been wait'd from his Infancy, (as they all knew well enough) as a Testimony of what he had said; bidding them behold how there Charms had begun already to take Effect on him. Hereupon the Lord Hastings, who (as has been already said) had taken Jane Shore to his Bed, thinking to excuse her, said, My Lord, if they have done so, they deserve Punishment. Thou Traytor, reply'd the Protector, servest thou me with Iffs and Ands: I tell thee they have done it: and that will I make good upon thy Body: And so, stricking his Fist upon the Table, the Room was presently fill'd with armed Men, one of which struck at the Lord Spanley, and as nimble as he was to sink under the Table, grievously wounded him on the Head; and then the Protector himself*

self arrested the Lord *Hastings* bidding him make haste to Shrive himself; for by *St. Paul*, (which was his usual Oath) he would neither eat nor drink till his Head was off, and so being led out into the Green within the *Tower*; he was there beheaded on a Log, without staying for the Formality of a Scaffold.

And here I cannot but take Notice, how eminently the Hand of Divine Justice was exemplify'd in the unjust Execution of this Lord: Who having so far joyn'd with the Duke of *Gloucester*, as to be aiding in, and privy to the Execution of the Queen's Father, the Lord *Rivers*, and the rest of her Relations, who were by his Contrivance beheaded at *Pomfret*, on that very Day; on which, by the Contrivance of *Gloucester*, himself was beheaded in the *Tower*: So certain does Sin and Guilt dodge Men to Destruction.

## C H A P. VIII.

*How Jane Shore convey'd her Jewels to  
Mrs. Blague's, who cheated her of them  
all: And how she was perfected by King  
Richard the Third, who caused her to  
do Penance in the open Street.*



**T**H E sudden and tragical Fate of  
the Lord *Hastings* was a suffi-  
cient Premonition or Warning to *Jane*  
*Shore*

*Shore*, of the Storm that was now falling upon her own Head; and therefore she thought it but a Prudent Piece of Conduct to make some timely Provision for herself. The Protector had already declar'd himself against her; and *Hastings*, upon whom, after King *Edward's* Death, her greatest Hopes had been plac'd, had now lost his Life, for but undertaking to Vindicate her; and therefore she pack'd up all her Jewels, and her rich Garments, and all the best of her Things, and brought them to Mrs. *Blague's*, telling her, That she saw a Storm a coming, and therefore thought it was best to provide against it; and that as she had serv'd her in King *Edward's* Reign, she did not doubt but she would be as kind to her now, in securing for her her Jewels, and other rich Things, which therefore she had now brought with her, to put into her Hands, as a Place of Security, that she might have 'em ready against a Time of Need.

Mrs. *Blague* seem'd to commiserate her Conditton very much, telling her she



she was very sorry to see such a sad Turn of the Times; and that little Good could be expected from such a bloody Monster as the Protector; but whatever she left in her Hands, she might depend upon't, should be very safe; and that herself and all she had, should be always welcome to her House; for she should never forget the Kindness she had shew'd her when she was in Power, with several other large protestations of an intimate Friendship and Fidelity. This designed Hypocrite, Mrs. *Blague*, (who was the first Authoress and Cause of this poor Gentlewoman's Ruin, by first persuading, and afterwards betraying her into the embraces of King *Edward*) having by her fair speeches got all her Jewels, Plate, and Cloaths, into her Hands did in the Time of her Affliction and distress which followed shortly after, treat her with the most barbarous Usage that ever Woman met with; for coming to her, when all she had was seiz'd on by King *Richard's* order, and desiring to have some of her Jewels to make a little Money on, she not only de-

deny'd that ever she receiv'd any of her but call'd her filthy Strumpet, Whore, and Cheat; asking her if she came to put Tricks upon her; With other base opprobrious Speeches; and threatning that she'd have her whipt, if ever she came there again, thrusting her out of Doors, without so much as giving her a Piece of Bread, altho' she begged it of her. And certainly to one of such a generous Temper as *Jane* had been, nothing could make a greater or more deep Impression, than such a barbarous Treatment: I cannot therefore blame her, when she afterwards gave to king *Richard's* officers, upon her being examin'd where 'twas she had disposed her Jewels, and other Things, a true Account where they were all disposed; upon which they immediately repaired to Mrs. *Blague's*, demanding them of her: But she served them as she had done *Jane Shore*, denyed that she never had them, alledging, that they never were brought to her, and therefore desired them to trouble her no further. Which Answer, tho' it was all *Jane Shore*

*Shore* could get, yet the King's Officers would not be satisfied so : But having Power on their side, they enter'd in and search'd the House, and breaking open all her Trunks and Drawers, and finding of them by that means, they made it Crime enough in her to have deny'd them ; and therefore as an Accomplice of *Jane Shore*, they clear'd the House of all that e'er she had, and seizing upon her Estate besides, left her almost as miserable as they had made *Jane Shore* : And then her Conscience brought to mind her Black Ingratitude, which made her Sufferings appear just and Right, and which she had so very well deserv'd.

Ingratitude's the Growth of every Clime,  
And of all Sins the most accursed crime:  
For who can think that Human Nature can,  
Breed such a Monster as th' ungrateful Man:  
Who does against his Benefactor sin,  
Least Men should think he has obliged been.  
On him his Friend still loses all his Cost;  
For every Favour shew'd to him as lost;  
Nay, more than that, which is a greater shame;  
'Tis not only lost, but he forgets the same:  
Nay, does for Kindness, Spite and Mischief show,  
Which is the greatest Hight the Devil can go.

But

But I'll no more enlarge upon this plague,  
But wish all such be serv'd as Mrs. *Blague*.

But to return from this Digression, the Duke of *Gloucester* having protended that *Jane Shore* was engag'd in a Plot against him, that he might the better hide the Plot himself had laid against his two innocent Nephews and the Crown, sent his Officers to the Lord *Hasting's* House to search for her; where she was but newly come back from carrying her best Things to Mrs. *Blague's*, as has been before related; and having seized her and stript her of all she had, he caused her to appear before the Ecclesiastical Court, whereby a special Order from his highness, she was adjudged to do Penance for her notorious Adultries committed with King *Edward* the Fourth, and afterwards with the Lord *Hastings*, with whom she had also plotted the Destruction of his Highness the Lord Protector of the King and Kingdom, and this Penance that she was to perform, was done in this manner: She was stript of all her Apparel



havidg only on her Smock, and over that  
a white Sheet, and in one Hand a ligh-  
ted Taper of Wax, and in the other a  
Cross; in which Posture she walked  
bare-legg'd and bare-foot, all through  
*Cheapside* and *Lumbard-street*, with a  
Crowd of people to behold her; she  
looking so very lovely and Charming,  
even in this penitent Dress, that she  
was belov'd by some, and pitied by  
others, and her hard Fate lamented by  
all; except such as had engaged in  
*Richard's* accursed Designs: This pub-  
licke Penance of hers at that Time be-  
ing enjoyned her, not so much as a  
Punishment for her Sins, as to amuse  
the Minds of the People, that they  
might not busy themselves about those  
secret and treasonable Designs that were  
carrying on at Court, for the Destru-  
ction of the youngest King and his  
Brother, and the setting of the Crown  
upon that Monster's Head, which soon  
after follow'd.

And therefore it was not enough that  
*Jane Shore* was thus forced to do pub-  
lick Penance, but the Tyrant immedi-  
ately

ately puts forth a severe proclamation against her, imploring, That whereas it was notoriously known, that *Jane Shore* had for several Years liv'd in open adultery with the late King *Edward*, to the high Dishonour of Almighty God, and to the Shame and Reproach of Honesty and Virtue, and to the great Grief of all good Christians, and to the Impoverishment of the King and Realm, and the diminishing of the Revenues of the Crown, which she at her Pleasure bestow'd and lavish'd away, by enriching her own Friends and Relations, contrary to the Laws of the Land: It was therefore declar'd, That where-ever such Money, Plate, Jewels or Things were given away by her, it should be forthwith seiz'd again to the King's Use: And further, That as a just Punishment for those notorious Crimes, and also for engaging with the late Lord *Hastings* and Others, by Secrecy and Witchcraft to take away the Life of the Right Noble and Illustrious *Richard* Duke of Gloucester, Protector of the King and Kingdom, that they might the better compass the Ends upon the Young King and his Ro-

al Brother it was therefore strictly prohibited to all Persons whatsoever on Pain of Death and Confiscation of all their Goods and Chattels, neither to harbour her, the said *Jane Shore*, to their Houses, nor to relieve her with Food or rayment.

This was a home Stroke indeed, and it would have been more Charity to have taken and hang'd her than thus to have condemn'd her to starve alive, which was the Design of this cruel Proclamation. So that the poor and miserable Woman was forced to wander up and down in a miserable and disconsolate manner, seeking in Fields and Hedges for Food to sustain her Life; and when they would afford her none, she would then search the Dunghills, where (when she was known to come) some Bones with more Meat than usual, would be thrown on purpose for her by some that pity'd her, but durst not be seen to relieve her. And yet in this poor Condition the miserable Wretch liv'd for some time, through the secret Charity of well disposed Persons.

But after this, wicked Duke of *Gloucester*

*cester*, had so far carry'd his Point; that he was crowned King, and had caused his two Royal Nephews to be murthered; it so happened that *Jane Shore* going by the House of a certain Baker that had receiv'd a particular Kindness from her formerly; (for he having been condemn'd to die for being concerned in a Riot in King *Edward's* Days, she got his Pardon freely) this Baker seeing her go by, looking thin and meager, and ready to perish, he had so gratefull a Remembrance of her former Kindness, that he could not forbear (notwithstanding the Proclamation) from taking a Penny Loaf, and trundling it after her: Which she thankfully took up, and blessed him, with Tears in her Eyes, it being to her an acceptable Present. But it prov'd a costly one to the poor Baker; for some of his malicious Neighbours having seen it (for Envy always has a Lynx's Eye) informed against the charitable Man: and the inexorable Tyrant caus'd him to be hang'd for not obeying his cruel Proclamation: And'twould have been a Merit



cy to *Jane Shore*, if he had also hanged her with him. For the poor Baker's Execution so terrify'd the People, that they durst afford her no Relief. So that in piteous Rags, hardly enough to hide her Nakedness, she went about a most deplorable and truly miserable and wretched Spectacle, wringing her Hands, and sadly lamenting and bemoaning her dismal and unhappy Condition.

And here, methinks, I cannot but look back a little, and reflect upon the strange and amazing Change of worldly Glory, and indeed of all worldly Things: They that had seen *Jane Shore* in the Arms of King *Edward*, the Chief in Favour, smiling on whom she smil'd, and frowning where she frowned; her Chamber, like another Court of Requests, being always crouded with Petitioners; could never have believed they could ever have seen her neglected, scorn'd, vilify'd, and reduc'd to that Degree of Poverty and Want, that to have had the Liberty of Begging, would have been esteemed a mighty Happi-

ness: Sure it must be extreamly surprizing, that she who was served in Plate, and treated with the costliest Viands, that either Art or Nature could procure, or Water, Earth, or Air produce; that she, I say, should ever be reduc'd to that extream Degree of Misery, as to be forc'd to sit upon a Dunghill, and glad to eat the Refuse of the Dogs.

Thus as the Prince of Poets, *Virgil*, tells us,

*New turns and chances every Day,  
Are of inconstant Chance the constant Arts;  
Soon she gives, soon takes away,  
She comes embraces nauseates you, and parts:  
But if she stays, or if she goes,  
The wise Man little Joy, or little sorrows shows:  
For over all, there hangs a double Fate,  
And few there are, who'er always fortunate.  
One gains, by what another is bereft,  
The frugal Destinies have only left,  
A common Bank of Happiness below,  
Maintain'd like nature by an Ebb and Flow:  
A strange Vicissitude of human Fate,  
Still altering, never in a steady State.*

But to return to *Jane Shore*: That she lived like a *Camelion*, almost upon nothing but Air, all the Time of King *Richard*, yet she made a Shift (tho' but a very poor one) to survive that Tyrant, who being slain fighting in *Bojworth-field*, (too honourable Death for such a bloody Villain) his wretched Corps being stripp'd naked and bloody, was laid upon a Horse, like a Calf, and carried to *Leicester*, where it was for two Days expos'd to the View of the People, and after buried in the *Grey-Fryers* Monastery in that Town. This Tyrant's Death gave a small Respite to *Jane Shore's* Miseries; for people then were not afraid to give her Relief; and tho' she was still forc'd to beg, yet this was a great Kindness to her, that People might bestow their Charity upon her, without Fear. Bat this was but like a little reviving before Death: For *Henry the Seventh* (who succeeded *Richard the Third*) having married *Elizabeth*, the eldest Daughter of King *Edward the Fourth*, who hated *Jane Shore*, as much as her Father loved her, pro-

cur'd another Proclamation against *Jane Shore*, forbidding her to be relieved : Which again forced her to wander up and down naked and helpless, and in as miserable a Condition as before. So that now being destitute even of Hope itself, (the only Comfort of the Miserable) and growing Old withal, she finished her wretched Life in a Ditch ; which from her Dying in it, does to this Day retain the Name of *Shore's Ditch* : However tho' her Sufferings in this World were exceeding great, and rendered her a truly miserable Object, yet were they a Means of bringing her to a Sight of her Sins, and a true Repentance for them ; as appears by her dying Lamentation ; with which I conclude her Life.

*Jane Shore's Lamentation at her Death.*

**G**ood People, tho' by the Rigor of the Laws you are forbid to give me any Relief, yet you may pity my distressed State. for the Scripture tells us, *That to the Miserable, Pity be shew'd ; And that,*



that, and your Prayers is all I now ask for: For I am now putting a Period to a miserable Life; a Life which I have long been weary of. Nor is't my distressed Circumstances only makes me so much long for Death, I would not live again, although I were to live as I have done before, in all that Glory, Pomp, and Pleasures of King *Edward's* Court: No, I am happier now upon this Dunghill than I was ever in his Princely Arms. For, O, 'twas an adulterous Bed indeed, a Bed of Sorrow it has been to me, and filled me with unutterable Griefs: O wretched, that ere I knew King *Edward*! That ere I was betray'd to his Embraces: What Floods of Sorrow has my Sin occasioned! But Tears can never wash my Sins away! O learn from me good People, to be weary of vain Delights and flesh pleasing of Joys: they promise fair, but leave such Stings behind 'em, as will eternally torment the Soul, and drag it down to everlasting Punishments; Alas! you think my Punishment is grievous here in this World, and so it is indeed; for I've endured a

Thousand Deaths in one, a thousand Deaths, and yet I could not die: But now, my dying Moment's come, and I rejoyce therein. Sincere Repentance has secur'd my Peace with Heaven above, against whom I have sinned! But O! where true Repentance is not given, what Seas of torments wrack and drown the Soul! O happy Dunghill, how do I embrace thee! From thee my pardon'd Soul shall soar to Heaven, tho' in this Ditch I leave my filthy and polluted Carcass. O, that the Name of *Shore* may be an Antidote to stop the poisonous and foul Contagion of raging Lust for ever!

Look not upon the gilded Baits of Sin,  
For that the Ruin of *Jane Shore* has been,

Leaving by her Example this Truth  
to Posterity;

*How soe're we are, yet without doubt,  
Or first or last, our Sins will find us out.*

A SONG of the supposed Ghost of  
Shore's Wife.

*To the Tune of, Live with me, &c.*



**D**ame Nature's Darling let me be,  
The Map of sad Calamity ;

For

*For never none like Shore's fair Wife,  
 Had badder End, nor better Life;  
 For I had all the Royal Graces,  
 Of Edward's Love, and sweet Embraces.*

*He being dead, my Joys did die,  
 And I grew hateful in each Eye;  
 Which made me thus complain and say,  
 The fairest Flower will fade away:  
 So I did trust too much the Smiles  
 Of wand'ring Time's bewitching Guiles.*

*From noble Blood I had no Birth,  
 My Heritage fix Foot of Earth;  
 Tho' made but of the meanest Mould,  
 Yet Fortune gave me Gifts of Gold,  
 And fin'd my Face with Favours fair,  
 Like Phoebus in the azur'd Air.*

*My Shape was seemly to each Sight,  
 My Eyes in Looks were proved light;  
 My Countenance had sober Grace,  
 Nor gave my Heart a Lover's Place;  
 Yet Woe is me, excepting this,  
 My King did win me to amiss.*

*If Kind had made me Black or Brown,  
 I then had liv'd in good Renown:  
 But woe is me, my Peacock's Pride,  
 Did show a Face as it was dy'd.*



*With nature's blushing Tappery,  
Which mov'd and lik'd a princely Eye.*

*I was entic'd by Trains of Trust,  
A King did love, consent I must :  
And so my Youth did run astray,  
To be a Prince's wanton Prey :  
Then try that List, and they shall prove  
The ripest Wits will soonest love.*

*What need I more myself to clear,  
Promotion blindeth Shame and Fear ;  
A King did win me to his Call,  
A Hope, that Women seek for All ;  
For such Misdoubts, not following Harms,  
Which lie and sleep in Princes Arms.*

*The Nightingale with merry Voice,  
Doth make the Hearers all rejoice ;  
So with the Lark I still did sing,  
Sweet wanton Musick to my King ;  
And temper'd so my moving Tongue,  
That at his Bosom still I hung.*

*My Gestures, Talk, and modest Grace,  
Did bring my King in such a Case,  
That I became his chiefest Hand,  
And govern'd him that rul'd this Land :  
I bore the Sword, he wore the Crown ;  
I struck the Stroke, but he cast down.*

*If*

If I did frown, he look'd awry,  
 If I but speak, none durst deny :  
 If I did smile, he sought aright,  
 And would with smiles, my smiles requite :  
 And hereupon I built my Bower,  
 And thought my sweet wou'd ne'er turn  
fower.

My Fortune went beyond my Skill,  
 For I had health and Ease at Will :  
 With Robes more braver than the Sun,  
 So did my Fortune's Glass still run :  
 That in these earthly Pleasures clad,  
 A prince'y Place a Time I had.

At last this blifs was turn'd to hate,  
 And all my Fortunes 'gan to fall  
 For I was brought to Sorrows Bands  
 Which made me weep and wring my Hands,  
 When Edward dy'd, my chief Joy  
 Was chang'd to Care and sad Annoy,

My King intomb'd and laid in Ground,  
 I was beset with Sorrows round,  
 And slanders falsly raised, That I  
 Gave Poison to his Majesty ;  
 Which mortal Hate, and Cruel Spite,  
 Bereft me of my Fortune quite.

The Lord protector being then,  
 My Foe, and worst of living Man,

He judg'd me soon to live in shame,  
Though I deserv'd no such like Blame:  
A Penance took by his Command,  
With burning Taper in my Hand.

As wandring Eyes star'd on my Face,  
Meek Patience lent me modest Grace,  
That I was prais'd of every Man,  
Whilst shame fac'd Blood my Cheeks down ran:  
Ten Thousand said, with sober Cheer,  
It was a Grief to see me there.

My Penance pas'd the Tyrant's Mind,  
To further Mischeif was inclin'd;  
He spoil'd my Goods, and gave command,  
That none my succ'ring Friend should stand,  
And being left thus bare and poor,  
I begg'd for Food from Door to Door.

Being thus cast down from princely fare,  
Of Alms to take an hungry share,  
The Crumbs that fell from Blind and Lame,  
To pick them up, I did me frame;  
And thus by Prayer, and heav'd up Palms,  
I was enforc'd to live by Alms.

The Golden Chains I wont to wear,  
Were chang'd to Rags, both thin and bare;  
I had no House to hide my Head,  
The streets and stalls my nightly Bed:

My

*My Fleſh conſum'd was like a Corpſe,  
Yet none of me muſt have Remorſe.*

*At laſt thus ended this my Life ;  
Examples take both Maid and Wife :  
For wanton Ways deceiv'd me,  
Though bouliſter'd out by Majeſty.  
The Time will change, ſays dying Shore.  
If thou miſdo, offend no more.*



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